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*Cordelia.*

*By Ford Madox Brown*

# THE ENGLISH PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTERS

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## THEIR ASSOCIATES AND SUCCESSORS

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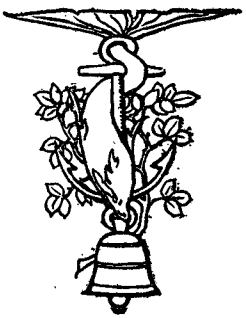

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TO HIS MOTHER
WITH ALL LOVE AND GRATITUDE
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR
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*First Edition*, 4*to.*, 1899.
*Second Edition, Revised*, 8*vo.*, 1901.

# PREFACE

THIS book is neither a *chronique intime* nor a collection of anecdotes: it is simply an endeavour to give both in letterpress and illustrations a brief review of the artists who have painted under the Pre-Raphaelite inspiration, and of the work which they have done. It is somewhat remarkable that though ample and authoritative histories of the English Pre-Raphaelite painters have been promised, and though scattered notices, critical and biographical, have been published from time to time, no epitome has been written to set forth succinctly, and in a handy form, the essential facts of the inception and rise of the movement, and the work of the founders and followers of the school as a whole. Though it would have been impossible in the space available to attempt a complete and elaborate history of a movement so vast and far-reaching, the writer's aim has been to produce a book treating the great artistic crusade historically and in an unbiassed spirit; and even in so short a work an attempt has been made to discriminate the qualifications of the different workers, and to show the high aim which has underlain and the brilliant achievement which has crowned their strenuous endeavours.

The space in such a volume as the present precluded all thought of dealing with any other than pictorial art: the history of sculpture and the decorative arts as affected by Pre-Raphaelite influence—witnessed, for instance, in the labours of Morris and Woolner, to name no others—is perforce omitted. Necessarily omitted is also all allusion

to the fact that many of the artists whose work is treated of here are not only painters but poets, and the friends of poets. That such a fact is of high importance in studying their work is most true, but the adequate consideration of so fascinating a feature would extend this volume far beyond its due limits. But the reader who bears in mind that Ford Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Thomas Woolner, James Collinson, Walter Deverell, Walter Crane, J. W. Inchbold, Sir Noel Paton, and William Bell Scott are all poets of varying achievement, and who remembers that in the inner history of the movement the names, *inter alia*, of Christina Rossetti, William Morris, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Coventry Patmore, Mathilde Blind, Philip Bourke Marston, and T. Gordon Hake, loom large, will see more clearly the aim of the Pre-Raphaelite artists, and will comprehend the intimate association of poetic feeling and expression with their devotion to veracity of present-ment.

Reference has been made, as far as was possible, in the list of illustrations, to the owners, artists, and photographers who have allowed their pictures to appear in this volume. The author and publishers desire, however, to express here their appreciation of the kindness and courtesy they have almost invariably experienced, and to tender their cordial thanks for the permissions for reproduction, without which no adequate representation of the Pre-Raphaelite School of Painting would have been possible.

# PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

IT would seem to be evident from the fact that a new edition of this volume is called for, that public interest in the great artistic crusade that marked the middle of the nineteenth century in England still continues keen; and the opportunity has been taken to show in the illustrations to this second edition an even more complete and representative selection of the work of the artists of that date who were affected by the wave of Pre-Raphaelism. Additional pictures by the Brethren and their direct associates are included, others by painters who were temporarily under their influence have been added, and the works by the Scottish painters will show in a very interesting way that, without the personal contact or direct influence of the originators of the movement, there was, as a result of their propaganda, something "in the air" at that date to which young and sensitive artists thrilled responsive.

That the influence of the Brethren and their tenets is still felt among painters is obvious to those who follow the course of art as apparent in exhibitions, in magazines, and in book illustrations; and, accordingly, among the illustrations to this new edition will be found a few, at least, of the most typical recent manifestations of Pre-Raphaelism. Some of these pictures which it was intended to include have been, however, unavoidably omitted, owing to difficulties of various kinds which attended their reproduction.

The letterpress has been carefully revised, completed, and brought up to date, and it is the author's hope that, in this new form, this volume may be found an adequate epitome of, and guide to, a most interesting and noteworthy phase of British art.

THE ROYAL GLASGOW INSTITUTE
OF THE FINE ARTS,
*August* 1901.

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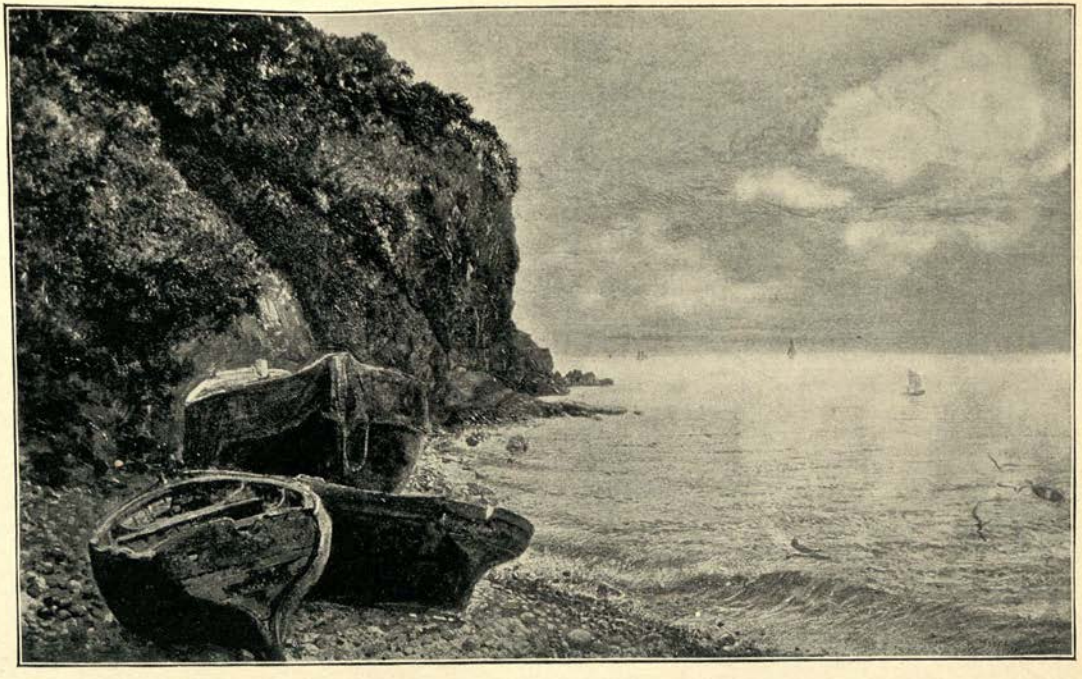

A WHITE CALM AFTER RAIN

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W. HOLMAN HUNT

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

# ENGLISH PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTERS.

## CHAPTER I

## THE FORMATION OF THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

IT was in the year 1848 that a young student at the Royal Academy antique schools, Dante Gabriel Rossetti by name, who had previously studied at Cary's Drawing Academy (otherwise Sass's), impatient of the somewhat tedious routine and the length of time that must elapse before he could pass in the ordinary course of events to the painting school, and, it may well be, a little contemptuous of the instructors into whose hands he would fall when he reached that bourne, wrote to an older artist, Ford Madox Brown, asking to be received as a pupil. He was then an impetuous youth, full of ideas and dreams, and ambitious of realising them on canvas, seeking to learn the technique of his art, desirous of passing from the drudgery of the drawing school, which wearied and seemed to fetter him, to the acquisition of brushwork and the power to use colour; and he turned to an artist, his senior, but himself a young man, with whom he was not acquainted, but whose cartoons shown at Westminster Hall in 1844 and 1845 had produced on him a deep impression by reason of their great power

and originality, an impression which the *Parisina* and the *Execution of Mary Queen of Scots* had afterwards deepened and confirmed.

In the letter sent to Madox Brown, a letter memorable by virtue of the great results that were later to accrue from it, Rossetti spoke in highly laudatory terms of the work of the painter whose pupil he sought to be (neither then nor later did he mince matters or measure his words in allotting either praise or blame); and the recipient, unaccustomed to such praise, and half-suspicious of an ill-timed jest, provided himself, it is said, with a stout stick and called at Rossetti's house to see his would-be pupil. However, the dread of being made the butt of an impertinent hoax was groundless: Rossetti was thoroughly earnest and enthusiastic in his desire to learn. Madox Brown at once accepted him as a scholar, and the meeting laid the foundations of a personal friendship destined to produce the most momentous results in the world of art. In fact, it was this friendship, which lasted until severed by death, and the teaching and influence of the elder artist—one of the most strongly original of painters—which confirmed the younger in the independent views he even then took of art, and the militant spirit he so soon displayed in propounding his opinions.

Other friendships, almost equally far-reaching in their results, had commenced earlier, William Holman Hunt and Rossetti being acquaintances at the Academy schools. A third student, an intimate of Hunt's, and soon to be equally an intimate of Rossetti's, was John Everett Millais. At this time both Hunt and Millais, though students, had exhibited pictures of recognised merit, and were far in advance of Rossetti in all technical matters. The counsel and example of Hunt, and the brilliant achievements of Millais, went far to reconcile Rossetti to

the drudgery that was so uncongenial to him, and to spur him on to steady and careful work along the lines laid down by Madox Brown. It was the association of these three lads—Hunt being twenty-one, Rossetti twenty, and Millais nineteen in 1848—that was to result in the most important art movement of modern England, a wave of freshness and enthusiasm that, like the ripples caused by the stone flung into the water, spread and grew, and quivered and quickened, in so many and such divers ways that none shall say at any definite point this was the limit, and here the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites ended.

And, taken together, what supreme qualifications these three had! Rossetti, an ardent proselytiser, full of dreams and desires, dowered with the poet's soul, loving intensely and appreciating keenly all striving after the true and the beautiful, and gifted with that wonderful power of infusing his own enthusiasm into others that marks the born leader of men: Hunt, self-contained and fervent, hard-working, and strongly desirous of notable and original achievement: Millais, the marvel and shining light of the schools, already a successful artist, conscious, may be, of powers within him far in advance of many who sat in the high places of art, and full of the ambition of genius: this surely was a memorable coterie! What wonder that the constant companionship of these three, the imagination of Rossetti, the sturdy self-reliance of Hunt, and the technical knowledge of Millais, acting and reacting on each other, infusing into this one poetic insight, and encouraging that other to toil, resulted later in the production from their brushes of masterpieces instinct with life, full of beauty and thought in conception, and sincere and true in execution; pictures whose existence was a protest against the flimsy banalities that were the outcome of the art of the day.

But it must not be forgotten, when one comes to consider what the movement was that these artists inaugurated, what the tenets were upon which they baesd their crusade, that Rossetti the dreamer, and through him Hunt the reformer and Millais the executant, were strongly influenced by the thought and the personality of Ford Madox Brown. His feeling was that art was moribund in the cage of convention; that the systematic generalisation of rules of art was utterly pernicious; that the contrary course of minute research into individual facts was imperative; and that when painting a picture of incident, instead of thinking how the picture would compose best and look pretty, the artist should consider how the action probably took place in reality. This was the artistic creed that he consistently followed through a long and laborious life—the gospel that he practised long before the others began to preach it. He it was who, cognisant of the beauty of a simple and primitive school of pictorial presentment that was based on loving study of actuality and not on the cold convention of classic tradition, drifted into archaism as a man yields to fate: who, seeing the falsity and futility of the art of the period, had already struck out for himself an original line of work in which was noticeable an endeavour after truer light and shade (differentiating, for instance, night and morning, indoor and outdoor effects) and a desire for the absolute verisimiltude and dramatic presentment of fact, something apart from the petty trivialities of the prevalent story-picture or the theatrical display of the "grand style."

Madox Brown was at an early stage (in fact, it might be said, throughout his career) strongly influenced by Holbein, and later the frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel at Florence confirmed him in his admiration and appreciation of the heartfelt seriousness and high

endeavour of the early masters, both Italian and Flemish—often naïve in their presentment of fact, but always sincere; often painting with unnatural hardness, but always with loving care. He it was who pointed out to Rossetti the charm that lies in their work, the grace and decorative beauty, and the tender and careful painting displayed in their panels and canvases. One can imagine how such seed once sown flourished in the congenial soil of Rossetti's mind, already quickening with a contempt of the artistic cant of the day, when all men fancied they could be Leonardos or Raphaels, heedless whether they possessed or lacked Leonardo's stupendous genius or Raphael's mighty power; the cant which implied that by a mere routine study of classic tradition painters could be turned out from the schools to rival the greatest masters of the past—the pernicious idea, which existed rather as an accepted axiom than as an avowed doctrine, that art could be learned by rote, and painters equipped to produce masterpieces by the application of school precepts, whether they possessed souls to conceive and hands to compass, or whether they were as little cognisant of poetry and truth and beauty as they were ill-equipped in matters of execution and style.

Of course all art was not so debased at this time—it must not for a moment be forgotten that there were painters of noble aim and fine achievement; but these were the exceptions, and the average art of the exhibitions was commonplace in the extreme, based on the conventions of the schools and not on the verities of Nature, and for the most part unadorned with any grace of style or fervour of imagination. It was this inadequacy of motive and convention of treatment that the minds of the artists soon to be known as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood contemned. Rossetti was fired to rebel against the flimsy unreality then rampant, not only by

Madox Brown's example, but by the discovery in a manuscript by William Blake of the most outspoken (and maybe largely nonsensical) strictures upon many great artists, "any men whom Blake regarded as fulsomely florid, or lax, or swamping ideas in mere manipulation"; and when he and Hunt and Millais, meeting one night at the house of the latter, found Lasinio's book of engravings of the frescoes at the Campo Santo at Pisa, their enthusiasm was kindled and their vague desires took form—for the art before them was simple and sincere, not the product of lifeless dogmas, but the result of reverent study; and they saw in it, or thought they saw, aspiration and not decline, imperfections maybe, but not the corruption of decay, and above all it was, as Ruskin later said, "eternally and unalterably true."

So an artistic brotherhood was formed to put into practice the enthusiasms and the dreams which were crystallised in the minds of the three by the chance sight of this book of engravings, and the name "Pre-Raphaelite" adopted as a distinctive appellation. But, as Holman Hunt has well put it, "neither then nor afterwards did they affirm that there was not much healthy and good art after the time of Raphael; but it appeared to them that afterwards art was so frequently tainted with the canker of corruption that it was only in the earlier work they could find with certainty absolute health. Up to a definite point the tree was healthy: above it disease began, side by side with life there appeared death."

These three then were the founders of the Pre-Baphaelite Brotherhood; later, others were enlisted, Thomas Woolner, sculptor; James Collinson, painter (who retired later, and whose place was filled by Walter Howell Deverell, painter); Frederick George Stephens, then painter, now

the *doyen* of art critics; and William Michael Rossetti, younger brother of Dante Rossetti, also critic and poet; and though Ford Madox Brown declined the invitation to join the society, simply on the ground that his sturdy and independent spirit had no faith in coteries, he still worked, as he had already done, along the same lines as they did, and probably with a much clearer knowledge and a much more settled view of what he sought. In fact, though Rossetti was the founder, if founder there were (*primus inter pares* would better express the position) of the Brotherhood as a society, of Pre-Raphaelism as a living force, Madox Brown was indubitably the originator, though, of course, he formulated no name to his creed, disliking "to deal in watchwords over-much."

It is true that afterwards, by Rossetti and Woolner, as well as by Madox Brown, the Brotherhood was treated as a mere boyish league, a piece of youthful *camaraderie*; and though in later years these artists may have seemed a little ashamed of the fresh enthusiasms and lofty aims that they so valiantly strove to realise, at the time there is no doubt that each and all were keenly in earnest, and certainly the awkward word "Pre-Raphaelite," which they coined, has so long been accepted as the appellation of their school and the tradition that has succeeded them, and has so entirely passed into the language with this arbitrary significance, that it would be vain to attempt now to substitute any more accurate or more expressive term.

It should perhaps be noted here, that in later days the expression "Pre-Raphaelite" came to have a second meaning, apart from that originally intended by the members of the Brotherhood. They meant to express by the word the qualities of sincerity and directness, of honesty and definite inspiration, which they discerned in

the work of the early Italian painters; afterwards the public, who came to associate the term largely with the little-seen later work of Rossetti, applied it to his pictures and those of Burne-Jones, ignoring the earlier meaning of the word, and using it to denote the eclectic and poetic school of which those painters were the founders, and of which their work is the highest achievement. With this double sense the word exists, and with this twofold meaning it may be accepted, inasmuch as the later tradition was derived from the more mature development in the style of these two artists, who were originally Pre-Raphaelites in the stricter sense.

The formation of the Brotherhood linked these young artists closely and intimately together; living in each other's companionship, constantly meeting with open hearts together, they talked and aspired and dreamed and wrought in high endeavour; and though much has been said and written as to their artistic beliefs, and though a good deal of misapprehension exists as to their aims and the methods they advocated, as a matter of fact their whole creed might almost be summed up in one word, for the keystone of the doctrines that they attempted to preach by word and deed was simply SINCERITY. Mr Michael Rossetti enunciates the bond of union between them very clearly and concisely: he says "it was simply this:

"I.—To have genuine ideas to express;

II.—To study Nature attentively, so as to know how to express them;

III.—To sympathise with what is direct and serious and heartfelt in previous art, to the exclusion of what is conventional and self-parading and learned by rote; and

IV.—Most indispensable of all, to produce thoroughly good pictures and statues."

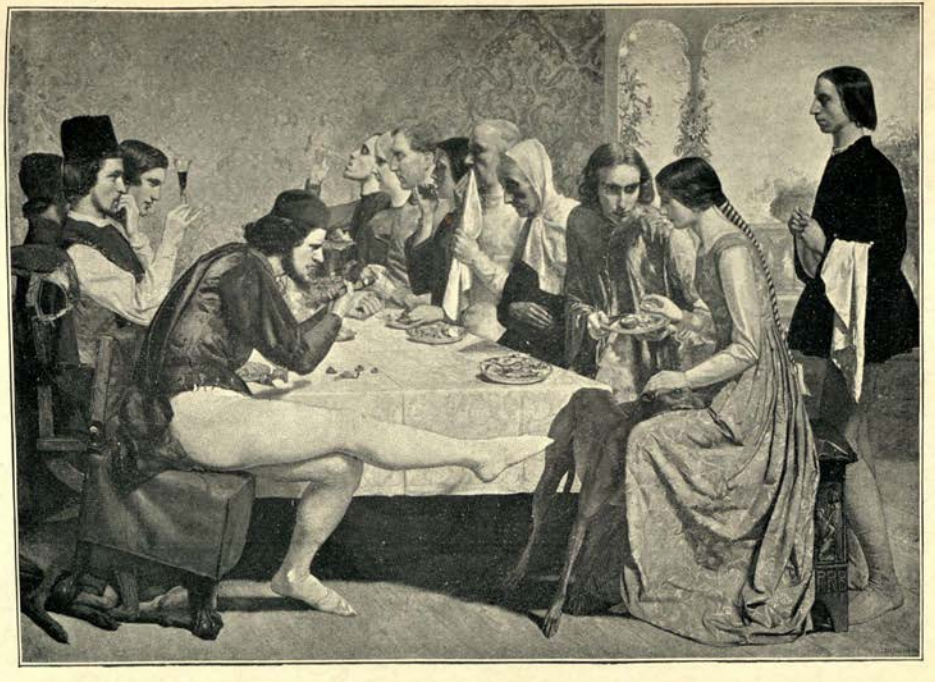
This is the sober fact of the matter; and all the ideas about a mere attempted revival of mediævalism, the necessity of accepting and depicting everything seen, selecting and rejecting nothing, and the imperative value of hard and laborious handling were but outside views of their opinions, travesties of their return to Nature and a healthy early art as her interpreter, and of their desire to paint with studious care and exactitude, which were foisted upon the public as the be-all and end-all of their aims by those who failed to see the motives underlying everything they did. Doubtless, carried away by enthusiasm, they hampered themselves, as young men will do, especially in the heat of argument, by promulgating dogmas not sufficiently thought out, by advancing theories on the spur of the moment, and it is small wonder that, tired of the threadbare pretensions and bombastic creed of many of the painters of the day, they went to extremes, deeming with Browning "One must be fanatic, Be a wedge, a thunderbolt," to move the world.

But the statement has been often made, and may as well be once more controverted, that the Pre-Raphaelites claimed as essential that the characteristics of a model should be copied implicitly, no deviation being permitted to suit the character of the picture; but though they doubtless thought that the most faithful reproduction of Nature was essential in art which purported to be a representation of fact, they did not think that this should debar them from exercising the artist's choice, and departing, when the subject demanded such departure, from the features of a model—*e.g.* in the picture which Millais painted as a practical exposition of their views, *Lorenzo at the House of Isabella*, the head of Lorenzo was painted from William Michael Rossetti, but the hair was made golden instead of black; and

Rossetti, painting the *Virgin Mary* in the same year from his sister, also made a similar variation. What they did seek and claim as essential was truth of presentment, verisimilitude of representation in every way, and though they endeavoured to attain this by scrupulous fidelity in matters of detail, and by close elaboration in painting, to say that they were slaves to microscopic copying is both inaccurate and misleading; for, as has been authoritatively stated by Holman Hunt, although they deemed such care in painting good and useful for a student's training, they would never have admitted that the relinquishing of this habit of work by a matured painter would make him less of a Pre-Raphaelite.

It was in the following year, 1849, that these firstfruits of the Brotherhood were exhibited. The members set to work, eager to produce pictures which should embody and shadow forth their aims, and Millais, Rossetti, Hunt, and Collinson each showed in the spring exhibitions of that year a work remarkable in every way, a group especially noteworthy when considered as the achievement of such youthful artists. All the pictures appeared with the mystic letters "P.-R.B." appended to the painters' signatures; Rossetti contributing the *Girlhood of Mary Virgin* to the Free Exhibition; and Hunt's *Rienzi swearing Revenge over his Brother's Corpse*, and Millais's *Lorenzo at the House of Isabella*, being hung on the walls of the Royal Academy. Each work was well hung, well received, and (further mark of appreciation) promptly sold; while the criticisms in the reviews were not merely tolerant, but almost enthusiastic, the "Times" devoting two columns of comment to the works by Millais and Hunt as the remarkable feature of the exhibition, and the "Athenæum" speaking in the most laudatory terms of Rossetti's panel.

It was in the next year, when the meaning of the



LORENZO AT THE HOUSE OF ISABELLA

*By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool*

initials, "P.-R.B." attached to the signatures became known (they were ignored or overlooked on the first occasion), and when it was seen that a group of young men had banded themselves together in defiance of established rules, daring to think independently, to doubt the value of much that was universally accepted as good art, and working boldly in contravention of accepted canons, that the storm burst; and from press and public, artist and layman, abuse and obloquy of the most virulent kind were poured forth, unmeasured indignation and horror expressed,—their work condemned as shameful and preposterous, iniquitous, and infamous, mere catchpenny charlatanism being the least evil attributed to them, and an attempted subversion of all right principles of art the lightest charge laid to their doors. Small encouragement to honest aim this! But it is amusing now to note, what was pretty patent at the time, that the kindly and encouraging attention paid to their work as that of young men of promise became changed to such violence of attack when it was seen that they actually dared to think on independent lines, and to put their heretical and unorthodox views into practice. It is pretty evident, in looking back, that personal animosity was the cause of the condemnation of their work in 1850 and 1851, better work than that of 1849, and lacking the minor crudities and imperfections incidental to early attempts; and it was only when an independent and honest critic appeared, and John Ruskin wrote an appreciative notice, that any attempt was made to grasp their endeavour, or to search for any truth that might underlie their heterodoxy.

It has been frequently stated that the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood owed its existence to Mr Ruskin, that the artists who banded themselves together under that name were his disciples, and that it was the reading of his

works that caused the formation of the confederacy. The foregoing pages will show the inaccuracy of any such statement; it was not until 1851 that Ruskin became associated at all with the Pre-Raphaelites, by taking up the cudgels on behalf of the young painters, who were then the butt of much harsh censure and wilful misunderstanding, His powerful championship, expressed then as ever in fiery and eloquent periods, was marvellously effective in counteracting the storm of obloquy which other critics hurled at the brethren and their works; for he made people see that there was at least an honest aim and an intolerance of shams as the basis of their refusal of accepted dogmas. As a matter of fact, it was on the suggestion of Coventry Patmore (whose poem gave Millais the subject for the *Woodman's Daughter* of 1851) that Mr Ruskin first wrote in that year to the "Times." Later, both in that journal and in his notes on the Academy exhibitions, he did yeoman service in appreciation and criticism of their pictures; but it is a matter for question whether he quite grasped the essentials of the Pre-Raphaelite tenets, and whether he did not hem them round with narrower restrictions than they formulated for themselves, and read into their motives much that was purely evolved from his own dreams of what the *raison d'être* of their art should be. In fact, it may be said that the Pre-Raphaelite art that most occasioned the enthusiasm of Ruskin was that of Holman Hunt, full of religious intention and painstaking elaboration; but these qualities, which he enunciated as fundamental, we have already seen were merely deemed desirable and not imperative by the artists themselves.

It is curious, by the way, to note that he kept an absolute silence with regard to the work of perhaps the greatest exponent of Pre-Raphaelite principles, Madox Brown—a silence which piqued the artist not a little,

and which later made the position of their mutual friend, Rossetti, an awkward one. It was in 1853 that this personal acquaintance of Mr Ruskin with Rossetti commenced, an acquaintance which developed into intimacy, and which certainly was of great benefit to the artist, for Ruskin was a liberal purchaser of Rossetti's drawings, and a kind friend in many other ways; in fact, Rossetti, in common with the other Pre-Raphaelite artists, owed much to his advocacy, his guidance, and his patronage.

The position of Mr Ruskin with regard to the Pre-Raphaelite painters—both inside and outside the Brotherhood—may thus be definitely stated and acknowledged as that of an influential and enlightened champion, an eloquent pleader of their cause, and a liberal patron; that he was the spiritual founder of the movement, or that he was even the first discoverer of their work, the first appreciator of their efforts, cannot be maintained for a moment.

With this attempt at a concise and veracious account of the formation of the Brotherhood, and this brief exposition of the tenets they took their stand upon, it is time to leave the history of their development as a coterie, and to proceed to a short review of the work each artist produced. Extended biographies are of course impossible in the pages of a handbook (indeed, one doubts more and more the desirability, not to say the good taste, of publishing details of the private life of artists—surely it is a just claim that they should be considered and judged in relation to their public achievement, and to that alone); but some account will be found in the following pages of the work of those painters who formulated the protest and headed the reaction against the lifeless conventionality of the schools; and an attempt has been made by including

the work of many artists, outside the Brotherhood, who during the whole or a portion of their careers have worked under the spell of Pre-Raphaelism, to show how far-reaching has been the influence of the movement. There are many painters whose accomplishment is as beautiful and as sincere as that of the originators of the cult, and who may be considered if not as members of a school, certainly as co-workers, with the same simple and lofty ambition; and though these may have been overshadowed in the past by their more prominent *confrères*, a glance at the illustrations in the following pages will show something of the beauty and charm they have infused into many masterpieces which are unknown outside a small, no matter how choice, circle of sympathisers.

But to one who is an ardent lover of such genuine endeavour after truth and beauty, poetry and passion in art as the Pre-Raphaelite movement inaugurated nearly fifty years ago, it is a matter for question whether there are rising around us the young men to carry on the tradition. It is true that there are those among the younger artists who paint under the Pre-Raphaelite influence, but of the beautiful creations recorded and alluded to in these pages by much the larger portion is the achievement of the elder men, men who are—one is thankful to say—still among us, but who may not, one fears, leave worthy successors behind them. We have no Rossetti to-day, only imitators of his mannerisms; no youth to paint, as young Millais did, such pictures as *Mariana in the Moated Grange* and *The Proscribed Royalist*; to-day followers of the school are too often mere decorators, or mere echoes of the greater souls sooner or later to pass from us. Holman Hunt is with us, and Frederick Sandys, and there are others; but where are the young men to whom the lighted

THE STONE-BREAKER

lamp might be handed, and who would guard and cherish it? We have artists who can paint as closely as ever Hunt and Millais, but can they give us the soul that there is in such a picture as *Sir Isumbras at the Ford*? We have men who do not hesitate to use, and abuse, all the resources of the pigment-maker, but who paints to-day with the jewel-like brilliance and lustre of Rossetti? Posers we have who prate of line and colour, but they neglect the thought, the poetry, that must pervade all art that is to be noble, and are mere blind producers of artificial mediævalism, quaint and pretty, but how lacking in the spirit of old romance that shines from the work of Frederic Sandys, the tenderness and sweetness that fill the pictures of Arthur Hughes! It is saddening to think that though we search, we search in vain among the pictures of to-day for the holy simplicity of the *Ecce Ancilla Domini*, the pure pity of the *Donna della Finestra*, the tragic grandeur of *Medea*, the absolute and unshrinking veracity of the *Stone Breaker*: the achievement we find is just what the great men of the movement managed to avoid, a false mediævalism of form and treatment, a soulless endeavour to be decorative. It almost seems that the wider the ripples flow the weaker they are, and that though the Gothic feeling which prompted the crusade against classic conventionality survives, the poetic and romantic spirit that made the Pre-Raphaelite art of yesterday a living art, an art to move the soul, has not descended to those who attempt to follow in the footsteps of the leaders.

But it may be, and one hopes that it is so, that one fails to find so readily the coming work because it is overshadowed by the productions of the great ones who are still in our midst, or who have only recently ceased from among us; and it may also be, and this is probable

that the Pre-Raphaelite movement has extended, recognised or unrecognised, so far, and succeeded so well in killing the falsity it was a protest against, that there is no longer the background of banality against which the firstfruits of the crusade shone out so clearly. Perhaps, too, it is not altogether loss, that the arts of design far and wide should receive some of the impulse that has done so much for pictorial art; still one would sacrifice much in other directions to see on our gallery walls such work as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, from the easel of a young man of twenty-four.

W. HOLMAN HUNT

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

## CHAPTER II

# THE FOUNDER OF PRE-RAPHAELISM:

### FORD MADOX BROWN

SOME two years before the death of Ford Madox Brown, a number of artists and admirers, recognising that during a long and laborious life this great painter had received no official recognition, subscribed the sum of £900, and commissioned him to paint a picture to be presented to the National Gallery, which should adequately represent his work, and should be a fit memorial of his genius. Such a commission was probably unique,—certainly it conveyed to the artist a compliment and an appreciation of the highest kind; and one can only regret that, dying in 1893, the work which he undertook in acceptance of this commission was never finished: the striking and powerful canvas which now hangs in our National Gallery as an example of his style, "*Christ washing Peter's Feet*," being one of his earlier works.

For fifty years Madox Brown laboured quietly and steadily, producing masterpiece after masterpiece, unrecognised as a great artist either by the press or the public, unknown even to a large number of the supposed *cognoscenti* of the day, content to go his way in peace; pained perhaps that honest attempt and great achievement alike should be so little welcomed, but absolutely incapable of the personal "puff" and glaring self-advertisement that is the bane of art nowadays, and thoroughly disdainful

of all such artifices. It was as a mere child that he first evinced the artistic bent which was the foreshadowing of his future eminence; and his father, recognising his ability, placed him first under Professor Gregorius at Bruges, then under Van Hanselaer of Ghent, and finally entered him at the Academy at Antwerp, at that time directed by Baron Wappers. It was here that he became thoroughly equipped as regards technical knowledge, obtaining a mastery over all and sundry processes of art which enabled him later to accomplish notable work alike in oils and fresco, water-colour and encaustic painting.

Early in his career after leaving Antwerp he sojourned in Paris, and to his arduous labours there, while studying at the Louvre and drawing from the life, he probably owed that knowledge of style which is apparent in his work. It was at this date that he painted, influenced doubtless by Delacroix, the powerful picture, *Parisina's Sleep*, which was shown at the British Institution in 1845, and attracted the notice of Rossetti; later he developed his more mature and independent style, and began to put in practice the system of accurate and veracious presentment of light and shade that he had worked out for himself, in contradistinction to the prevalent artificial studio lighting—differentiating indoor and outdoor effects, morning and afternoon lights, and so on. The pictures which he painted upon his return to England, such as the portrait known as *A Modern Holbein*, had all the finish and fidelity of expression which were the characteristics of his matured style. After three years' stay in Paris, he went to Rome, impelled by anxiety for the health of his young wife; but his stay was brief, some nine months in all, though fruitful in matters of art. It was at Rome and Florence that the beauties of the Italian masters, early and late, now first

CHRIST WASHING PETER'S FEET

AUTUMN LEAVES

fully revealed to him, had a great effect upon his mind, infusing new possibilities into his hopes and dreams, and widening and deepening his sympathies and aims. But the health of his invalid wife did not improve; and, anxious to gratify her, he hastened to bring her home to the country she longed for but did not live to see, for she died in Paris on the journey between station and station.

And so the bereaved artist settled in England in 1846, thoroughly equipped and accomplished, and proceeded to paint steadily and well, sending picture after picture to the Royal Academy, but always to meet with some slight, something to irritate him and confirm him in his contempt of all cliques and corporations. Sometimes his pictures were unhung, sometimes skied, sometimes exhibited without the appropriate frame; and finally, dissatisfied in every way with the treatment accorded him, he decided no longer to exhibit at the Academy. From his boyhood enamoured of labour, the amount of work he completed was stupendous, and it would be impossible to give here a catalogue of his pictures, to say nothing of his numerous cartoons for frescoes, stained glass, and other styles of decorative art; but among his productions, while steadily working in quiet, and gradually obtaining a *clientèle* of purchasers, were such fine and epoch-making canvases as *Our Lady of Good Children* (1848), the tragic *Cordelia and Lear* (1849), *Chaucer reading the Legend of Constance* (1851), and in the same year *Pretty Baa Lambs*, a picture which shows that if the teachings of Madox Brown influenced the young artists of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, their love of minuteness of realisation reacted on the older artist. Later, *Christ washing Peter's Feet*, *Cordelia's Portion*, *King René's Honeymoon*, the magnificent *Work* (now one of the gems of the Manchester public collection),

*Romeo and Juliet*, a masterpiece of emotional directness, *Cromwell at St Ives*, *The Last of England* (now at Birmingham), and many other grand pictures were conceived and completed; and in more recent years he was the creator of an unique series of thoughtful and accomplished works in the frescoes which decorate the Manchester Town Hall, panels in which the artist has realised with equal genius the aspect of the remote centuries in *The Romans building Mancunium*, and *The Expulsion of the Danes*, and has depicted with dramatic veracity such incidents of later days as *Dalton collecting Marsh Gas*, and *The Transit of Venus*.

These mural paintings are perhaps his best-known works, but it is scarcely by these that his achievement should be judged; for they were produced under conditions and limitations imposed by the necessity of the Gambier-Parry process, which precluded the possibility of their being so individually characteristic as some of his work in other mediums. Possibly if one were asked for the finest example, the most complete and successful realisation of his aims, *The Last of England*, would be the picture to rise to the mind's eye. This work was first conceived on the occasion of a visit to Gravesend in 1851, to bid farewell to Woolner, the sculptor, then on his way to Australia; and as Madox Brown was contemplating a voyage to India, the idea appealed to him of realising on canvas the pathos and emotion of such a setting out into a new world. So he painted himself, his wife, and their little baby as emigrants—the wife full of sadness, gazing her last on the loved shore of the old country, while the tiny baby-hand clasps hers in the same unconcious loving trust that prompts her to hold her husband's, strengthening and consoling him in his hour of grief, maybe of failure; while the man's face, though doubting and questioning, is full of that strength which shall make

WORK

*By permission of the Corporation of Manchester*

FORD MADOX BROWN

CHAUCER AT THE COURT OF EDWARD III

him the master of his fate wherever duty leads him. Oblivious of the drizzling spray and the rout of shouting fellow-passengers, they sit overcome by the flood of mingled thought that surges over them. Such is the picture, one of the masterpieces of English art, wrought with loving care, for "to ensure the peculiar look of light all round which objects have on a dull day at sea, it was painted for the most part in the open air on dull days, and, when the flesh was being painted, on cold days." So wrote the artist, and he added, "absolutely, without regard to the art of any period or country, I have tried to render this scene as it would appear. The minuteness of detail which would be visible under such conditions of broad daylight I have thought necessary to imitate, as bringing the pathos of the subject more home to the beholder."

What care and zeal in order to be sure that everything is absolutely right and true! And as in this instance the artist depicted the shuddering bleakness of a grey day at sea, so in other works he realizes the true surroundings of his drama: here showing the beauty of moonlight as in *The Corsair*, or sunlight as in *The Widow's Son*; there the glamour of dawn as in *Romeo and Juliet*, or the sombre dimness of a dungeon as in *Foscari*.

In another masterpiece, *Work*, may be noted the same successful grappling with the endeavour to paint things as they are seen—the stress and heat of a blazing July sun is actuality itself, the presentment both of the fact and the lesson to be drawn from it is dramatic yet unstrained, and the whole composition is a poem that he who runs may read, full of the dignity of labour, the worthiness of toil

> "which beads the brow, and tans the flesh
> Of lusty manhood, casting out its devils!"

This *chef d'œuvre* has been well characterised as "in colour, a cut open jewel; in meaning, a sermon and a hymn of praise; in conception, the offspring of a big brain; in execution, the product of a master's hand. The magnificence of gesture alone in the main group of workmen—the navvies—stamps the composition as the work of a great artist; and its multiplicity of incident and meaning, the elaboration of the composition, the novelty of the subject, and the completion, intellectual and artistic, of its rendering are all entirely admirable." It is in such work as this that we have the highest fruits of the artist's passionate hopes and lofty devotion to the ideal he set before himself.

When, a century hence, some great and discriminating critic shall arise to write the record of art in England in the latter half of the nineteenth century—one of the most interesting periods in artistic history—it is a truism, maybe, to say that many accepted reputations will be as pricked bubbles, while others at present obscured will shine out more brightly than they do to-day; but it is safe to prophesy that in the latter category will be found the name of Madox Brown. Just how great he was, just where he will be placed in the hierarchy of painters, one cannot say; but certainly future generations will appreciate, and ever see more clearly, the honest independence of thought, the wide and kindly human sympathies, the great originality, the wondrous power of poetic and dramatic presentment, and the mastery over colour that characterises his pictures. It is quite true that in some of his immature works the colouring has been criticised as inharmonious; that there is an inclination to over-emphasise, to exaggeration, in much of his work; that many fine compositions are marred by *bizarrerie* of gesture amounting almost to distortion; and in so far as he often sacrificed grace in his desire for the forcible

ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW'S SON

KING RENÉ'S HONEYMOON

representation of dramatic action, he fell short of his high ideal: but there are many pictures that are free from blemish, pictures such as have been mentioned, palpitating with intense thought and feeling and admirable in veracity and power, redolent of largeness of conception and virility of style and handling, as well as of feeling for colour, which surely rank among the finest of the generation. It is by these that he must be judged, and one cannot but think that the verdict of future generations will place him among the great ones of art, deeming him the painter of supreme dramatic power, the artist who "has pierced to the heart of deep emotions, and conceived for us the very aspect of great deeds."

No notice of Madox Brown, however brief, would be complete which did not include an allusion to the accomplished attainment of his daughters, Mrs Hueffer and Mrs W. M. Rossetti, and the dawning genius of his son Oliver. Dying—"untimely lost"—at the age of nineteen, the latter was already a poet and novelist of great power and still greater promise, and the artist of many fanciful and deeply imaginative compositions; and no man may say what a heart-breaking blow his death was to his father, or what a stupendous loss to the world.

The work of both Mrs Hueffer and Mrs Rossetti is notable for charm and distinction, the portraits and fancy heads of the former, and especially the subject pictures of the latter, being remarkable in a high degree. Such drawings as the *Romeo and Juliet* or *The Duet* (which Dante Rossetti characterised as a really perfect picture) are full of thought, full of the very soul of the artist; and though in her work one can trace the influence both of her father and her brother-in-law, there is an added charm beyond the beauty of presentation or the poetry of colour, the individual charm of a sweet and strong soul that saw with the perception of genius and drew with the

tenderness of an artist who strove to make a picture as has been well said, "the exact and beautiful expression of a thing for ever." To dismiss such work with so few words of appreciation is to treat it in an admittedly inadequate fashion, but in so brief a review space forbids a more extended allusion.

ROMEO AND JULIET

OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

## CHAPTER III

# THE STAUNCH PRE-RAPHAELITE:

## HOLMAN HUNT

THE early days of Holman Hunt, as of many an artist, were days of long-continued struggle with adverse and unpropitiatory circumstances. The first cause of disheartenment lay in the objection his father entertained to his following his natural bent and entering upon the career of a painter; the second came when, an unwilling consent being given by his parent, the uphill task lay before the young artist of making money enough to afford him his daily bread.

At a very early age he was sent into the city to earn his living, and to get the artistic craze driven out of his head: but, curiously enough, in each of the two offices he successively entered he found a chance encouragement —in the first from his employer, an auctioneer of artistic proclivities, who sympathised with a congenial spirit instead of instilling commercial principles into him; and later from a fellow-clerk, who designed patterns and taught young Hunt what he could. During this time, as his father's opposition did not go so far as absolute prohibition, all his slender earnings were expended in paying for tuition in oil painting, until at last he broke free and entered upon a definite course of artistic study, in spite of his parent's refusal to countenance or assist any such undertaking. Dark days ensued, three days a week he painted portraits, copied pictures, or did any-

thing whereby he might earn a slender livelihood; the other days he spent in study at the British Museum, endeavouring to qualify for the Royal Academy schools. In this attempt he failed more than once, but finally was admitted; and here among his fellow-students were Millais and Rossetti, with whom an intimacy ensued, culminating, as we have seen, in the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Already, in his student days, the force of circumstances had developed in Holman Hunt a remarkable power of patient work, and a definite and concentrated aim, while he had also acquired a desire for precision of touch, and a distaste for all loose, vague, irresponsible handling. These qualities were among those cherished by the Brotherhood, and these very qualities which marked the young student mark the accomplished artist to-day: in fact he was, and is, by far the most consistent and constant Pre-Raphaelite, still remaining true to the artistic beliefs of his youth. In his later works, as in his less mature pictures, we find to the full the characteristics of the Pre-Raphaelite creed; alike in *The Hireling Shepherd* and the *Christ among the Doctors* are displayed the same loving care and patience lavished on the execution of the work, and the same endeavour to pourtray things as they actually are, to *realise* the scene depicted; while in these, and notably in others such as *The Light of the World* and *The Shadow of the Cross*, are seen the qualities more individual to Holman Hunt than his *confrères*—the strong religious feeling and complete and carefully thought-out symbolism which pervade the whole work, at the same time as the detail beloved by the school is everywhere used to accentuate the principal motive of the picture, and to exhibit and enforce the moral aim that to this painter, as to Ruskin, seemed the imperative duty of an artist.

THE HIRELING SHEPHERD

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W. HOLMAN HUNT

THE AWAKENED CONSCIENCE

In the early days of his career it was indeed fortunate that he possessed such a self-centred mind and so keen and indefatigable a power of toil, for the first and many succeeding pictures that he exhibited after the foundation of the Brotherhood were the objects of contempt and revilement of every description. The *Rienzi vowing Vengeance over the Body of his Brother* certainly had faults of crudeness and hardness, blemishes incidental to the work of an artist who lacked the training of experience; but these disappeared in the work of a few years later, such as *The Hireling Shepherd* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (both painted in 1851), which attracted the notice and inspired the championship of John Ruskin. The former picture is so characteristic that it may be taken as typical of Holman Hunt's technique and of his constant endeavour to use art as a means of presenting a moral and spiritual thought. The artist shows a shepherd kneeling and talking to a girl, and leaving his sheep to stray to their ruin. She has a tame lamb in her lap, but knows so little how to care for it that she is feeding it with unripe apples, showing herself a type of those careless daughters who make unmotherly mothers and unwomanly women. Some of the neglected sheep have already crossed a little stream, and are in the midst of the corn; with no one to look after them, and temptation lying so near, they naturally follow their own ruinous instincts. And a double peril awaits them, for not only will they perish by surfeiting on the green corn, but the wolf is already in sight, and has sprung upon some of their strayed companions; while their guardian, careless of their welfare, is catching insects to amuse his companion, and his weak and superstitious nature is frightened when he finds his capture is a death's-head moth. Throughout the artist insists on the sinfulness of dereliction of duty,

and enforces the lesson by displaying its dire consequences; while the whole picture is a gem of veracity in its studious rendering of trees and sheep, and summer sunshine and shadow.

From the time that Ruskin proclaimed the beauty and interpreted the aim of his work, the artist's reputation has been a constant and increasing one; for though the sum-total of his achievement is not large, owing to the deep thought and tender patience exercised on every canvas that has come from his easel, the character of his pictures is so unique and distinguished as to make each one linger in the memory of every person who has seen them. *The Hireling Shepherd* was followed by a work of a similar aim, *The Awakened Conscience*; later came *The Strayed Sheep*; and then the religious tendency of the artist's mind, already shown in *A Converted British Family sheltering a Missionary*, prompted the stupendous achievement of the well-known *Light of the World.* The success of that great allegory led to the artist's first sojourn in the East, and the fruits of more than one long stay among Biblical scenes and surroundings may be seen in the many subjects that he has painted, inspired by Holy Writ; *The Scapegoat, The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple, The Afterglow, The Shadow of Death, The Plains of Esdraelon, The Triumph of the Innocents*, and other well-known pictures owe their inception to the artist's deep religious feeling, and their marvellous completeness of pourtrayal and symbolism to the unwearying conscientiousness that lavished time and trouble on them. More than this, the artist has accomplished a noble achievement by illustrating the history of Christianity among all its actual surroundings, so far as they can be recalled or reproduced, and realising for ever the actual aspect of the scenes as they were.

THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE

THE SCAPEGOAT

Among other works, as fully informed with thought and zeal, are *The Marriage of the Prince of Wales*, *The Ship*, the *Portrait of Sir Richard Owen*, *Amaryllis*, and *May-day on Magdalen Tower*, and in each and every one the artist is revealed, as a French critic well said, as "*la conscience fait peintre.*" He is admittedly the master of definite presentment, and in all almost all his work we find (as has been said before), not only the artist striving to depict the actuality of things, but the teacher aiming to inculcate a moral lesson; and though to many an admirer the paintings that are entirely the outcome of the artist's own conception are to the full as interesting as those which are perhaps less original, inasmuch as they are inspired by actual rather than imaginative motives, still it is by his religions paintings that Holman Hunt is best known, and to these that he owes his fame.

And yet it has been said that he is not a great religious artist; and this may be so, for it is not altogether impossible that in his striving after contemporary verisimilitude of fact he may have lost something of the divinity, the god-like power and presence, that we would fain see in pictures which endeavour to pourtray the scenes of the life of Christ. But whether he fails (as others less conscientious in endeavour and less high-minded in aim have not failed) or whether he succeeds in realising more than the externals of the divine story, there is no doubt that as an exponent of a lofty moral aim he stands second to none. The parallelism and symbolism that pervade his pictures convey to all men a lesson that no man can be the worse for, though sometimes it may be that the parable dominates the composition in such a way as to preclude a pleasure we should always be able to derive from the work of a great painter—the delight in a piece of pure artistic achievement. Apart from any sermon or allegory, one should be able to take pleasure in a picture

as a picture, and this pleasure Holman Hunt does not always give us; and it is a very moot question whether his highest suceesses have not been those canvases in which the inculcation of a moral is less the object of the artist's endeavour than the presentment of a poetic fact. Of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* Ruskin said "There has been nothing in art so earnest or complete since the days of Albert Durer": the picture is in every sense a masterpiece, the perfect realisation of an unique conception, and the only blemish, if blemish there be, is the lack of beauty in the women's faces; and when one contemplates such achievements as this, the *Isabella and the Pot of Basil*, and that gem, the *Amaryllis*, one regrets that so few pictures of poetic charm have come from the artist's easel, and one wonders whether a little sacrifice of the painter's didactic aim would not have resulted in a higher æstheitic grace and a more beautiful, one would not say greater, artistic achievement. Hence it is a matter of sincere congratulation to many of the artist's admirers to know that he has turned once more to the realms of poetry as a field of inspiration, and has repeated on canvas the composition of that marvellous woodcut in the famous Moxon Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott.*

ISABELLA AND THE POT OF BASIL

THE TRIUMPH OF THE INNOCENTS

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## CHAPTER IV

# THE TRANSITORY PRE-RAPHAELITE:

## JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

THE Pre-Raphaelite days of John Everett Millais date from 1849 to 1859, and in the course of these ten years he produced a large number of important works, many of which will rank as masterpieces of the English school. Gifted with the greatest artistic power, his career may be justly said to have been one continuous record of success, unmarred by adverse circumstances such as Holman Hunt had to contend with, and unembittered by the neglect that was the portion of Madox Brown. The record alike of his student days and of his years of accomplishment, shows him as an artist supremely gifted by Nature, and completely equipped by training, a painter whose genius was recognised by all from the days of his youth, while for many a long year he was the favourite of both critics and the public. Born in 1829, he evinced in the days of his childhood such a precocious talent that when in 1838 his parents came to London, they sought the advice of Sir Martin Archer Shee, at that time the President of the Royal Academy. Sir Martin spoke very highly of the sketches submitted to him, and, fortified by his encouragement, young Millais entered Sass's school, and thence passed to the Royal Academy schools, where his success was both instantaneous and remarkable. A medallist at the age of thirteen, at fifteen he began to paint, and from that time forth he sold

his work readily; in fact, he was enabled a few years later to place £500 which he had saved at the disposal of his friend Holman Hunt, who was then almost tempted by his ill-success to abandon the career he had planned, and seek fortune as a farmer in the Colonies.

It was perhaps fortunate for Millais that when he was nineteen he fell under the influence of Rossetti and Hunt. Doubtless, he was a ready convert to the doctrines that the former enunciated so fervently, and that the latter strove so hard to express concretely; but it is not improbable that, had he not been intimate with these youthful iconoclasts, he would have slipped into the conventional prettiness of early Victorian art. In this case certainly the world would have been the poorer for the non-existence of such work as the *Ophelia* and the *Autumn Leaves*; while it may even be that without the stimulus caused by the mutual association of the trio, Millais might in after-years have been swamped by the beauty of his own handicraft, and have developed into a mere accomplished survivor of the prevalent soulless school of the period.

When the chance intimacy of the young artists developed into the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in 1849, it was Millais who was looked upon by his *confrères* as the champion of the movement; and a strong and fit champion he was, quick to feel the truths that they desired to promulgate, eager to enter the fray, far better equipped and more accomplished technically than either Hunt or Rossetti, and equally alive with them to the charm of poetry in art: and it may well be that from him came the suggestion that each should exemplify their creed by illustrating a subject from Keats, a poet then almost unknown to the general reader, but very dear to all the members of the Brotherhood. Millais chose as his

OPHELIA

CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS PARENTS

subject *Lorenzo at the House of Isabella*, and despite the fact that much work in the old style remained to be finished, he set to work and painted the picture which is now one of the ornaments of the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool, a picture which has been called "the most wonderful painting that any youth under twenty years of age ever did in the world." It is true that the work as a whole may be said to be incoherent in design, but this was due to the enthusiastic acceptance by the painter of the Pre-Raphaelite demand that an artist should say to himself, not "how will this scene compose best?" but "how did this really happen?" and should attempt to realise it with all due dramatic intensity. Certainly the picture does not lack this last quality, nor is it wanting in beautiful colour or great delicacy and sweetness; but though Millais did not display Madox Brown's tendency to ever-emphasis, or Holman Hunt's inclination to harshness, there is in this, and in the *Ferdinand and Ariel*, a slight exaggeration of expression and pose, a *nuance* of inelegance which was to disappear in such work as *The Huguenot* and the *Sir Isumbras*, pictures in which the Pre-Raphaelite ideal perhaps reached its highest expression, inasmuch as they were frankly modern and contemporary in execution, absolute realisations of scenes as conceived by the painter, and uninfluenced by the work of any former artist, except so far as they marked a return to the absolute honesty and veracity of the painters whose work the Brotherhood specially admired.

Although at this date Millais sold his pictures, and sold them well, still he was equally with his fellow-workers the subject of much adverse and blindly abusive criticism: the picture *Ferdinand lured by Ariel*, which followed the *Lorenzo*, and *Christ in the House of His Parents*, better known as *The Carpenter's Shop*, were heartily and unsparingly condemned; and the pictures shown in 1851,

*Mariana in the Moated Grange*, *The Return of the Dove to the Ark*, and *The Woodman's Daughter*, were all greeted with obloquy, although they are poetic in conception, and at the same time lovingly render absolute facts. The same beauty of idea is visible in the *Ophelia* and *The Huguenot* of the following year; and though the former is scarcely a picture to appeal to the multitude, and the other was at first included in the merciless onslaughts that were made on all Pre-Raphaelite works, later the inherent beauty and charm of the second picture, not to speak of the finished and exquisite technique, made it popular in the extreme.

In the following year, 1853, Millais was elected A.R.A., and from this time most of the critics were respectful, and many were appreciative. The foreboding that Rossetti expressed that "now the whole round table was dissolved" was not yet justified, though it ultimately proved well-founded enough; for the artist still produced such genuinely Pre-Raphaelite pictures as *The Order of Release* and *The Proscribed Royalist*, which, popularised in their thousands by engraving, combined to place the painter in the forefront of public appreciation. Later came *The Rescue*, a picture of a fireman carrying children down the staircase of a burning house and restoring them to the arms of the distracted mother: this, which was much praised at the time by Ruskin, was followed by the beautiful and poetic *Blind Girl* and *Autumn Leaves*. This latter has been so well described by Sir Walter Armstrong that one may be permitted to transcribe his words. He says it is "a work of sentiment and effect. It tells no particular story, though it conveys strong emotion. Four girls, two of gentle blood and two children of the people, are heaping up withered leaves for the burning; behind them is a twilight sky bathing everything in its gorgeous tints, and absorbing what little

THE DEPARTURE OF THE CRUSADERS

SIR ISUMBRAS AT THE FORD

there is left of day. In colour this is one of the finest of Mr Millais's works—some might call it the finest of all—and its undefined intensity of sentiment is a complete reply to those who deny a poetic imagination to its author." To this description these charming words of Mr Andrew Lang are a fit corollary. He says, and no one could express more clearly the feeling that pervades the work, "the spiritual note of the picture lies in the contrast between the carelessness of the young girls, who are heaping the fire for the fun of it, and 'the serious whisper of the twilight,' as Poe fancied he could hear the stealing of the darkness over the horizon."

The next year, 1857, saw *The Escape of a Heretic* and *Sir Isumbras at the Ford*—the former a beautiful work, full of all the painter's most admirable qualities; the latter, to the minds of some, the greatest achievement of the artist's Pre-Raphaelite days. This work was always a great favourite with the painter himself, and in later days he worked again on it, improving it in many particulars. The picture represents a ford in the "north countrie," a wide, fair stream, on the banks of which stands a typical peel tower. An aged knight in golden armour, riding home in the evening light, has taken up two children who have been gathering sticks, one before him and the other clinging behind, to cross the ford. That is all, but the lovely colour of the whole composition, and the charming sentiment that pervades it, would make it a work of note, even without the kindly, thoughtful, noble face of the old kight, serene in the twilight of life as the landscape in the afterglow of evening, and the varied expressions of the two children—the younger, a chubby boy, being intent only on keeping his position, while the elder, a girl, safer in her place in front of their guardian, sits gazing at the kindly cavalier, with wonder and awe mingling in her expressive face. With

*The Vale of Rest*, a picture painted two years later, and too well-known to need description here, the master passed from the manner of his youth and entered upon another phase of his art; and here consideration of his work must cease. Any detailed allusion to the productions of this later period would be out of place here, for it can hardly be said that the more recent style is the outcome or the development of the earlier; although it is true that in many later works one traces the effect of the earnest and painstaking endeavour of his younger days, still it must be admitted that at this time the painter ceased to be a Pre-Raphaelite artist.

It cannot be said of Millais that he had, even in the youthful days of fire and fervour, a personal and individual message to give; he does not aim at the presentment of a dramatic climax as Madox Brown so often did; he does not strive to pourtray like Rossetti, the soul that looks forth from the rapt eyes of some sweet inhabitant of poet-land, "out of space and out of time"; nor does he paint with the moral and didactic aim of Holman Hunt. Nevertheless, in all his Pre-Raphaelite work one sees the qualities that he possessed in common with his coadjutors, a love of absolute and sincere veracity of presentment, and a deep sympathy with the poetic as contrasted with the commonplace side of things. How far in the lovely and thoughtful work of this period the beautiful conception is the artist's own one cannot say; certainly in his later work, when no longer under the spell of Rossetti's personality, one misses the spirit that is present in these pictures of an earlier day, and one is almost driven to think that these poetic and imaginative works were planned and accomplished by the artist amidst surroundings and associates that furnished the inspiration that he, the more accomplished artist, bodied forth so finely.

But, failing any supremely individual qualities, there are two or three characteristic notes in Millais's work of this period that are worthy of remark. The entirely successful way in which he exemplified the Pre-Raphaelite love of patient and minute research, and the fact that his pictures, painted with exquisite care for truth, yet failed in no whit to fulfil the demands of those who claim that a canvas should be a thing of beauty—this combination of a superb technique and a keen feeling for what is lovely in Nature would alone be enough to mark the artist of high rank; but Millais had also a remarkable power of entering into and embodying the ideas of another, a power seen in his woodcuts no less than his paintings: as an interpreter who realises for us the vision he conceives (be the inspiration personal or extraneous) the master stood in his Pre-Raphaelite days in the very front rank. But there is a peculiarity in his choice of dramatic subjects: he seemed to prefer to choose, not the moment of climax (as Madox Brown did), as the subject of pictorial presentation, but rather a scene in which the action of the drama has not reached its height, leaving the ultimate result as a matter of uncertainty in the spectator's mind. This is seen in *The Huguenot*, *The Proscribed Royalist*, *The Escape of a Heretic*, and in other works which might be mentioned; and in these pictures also Millais showed his great power of depicting emotional expression. The faces in the *Mariana*, *The Proscribed Royalist*, and *The Order of Release* are open books that all may read, and we cannot give better examples than these same canvases of another note in Millais's work—namely the feeling that woman is lovely and to be loved; in fact the artist's sympathy with all sweet womanliness, and the love and tenderness with which he painted children (as in *Sir Isumbras*) are noble qualities which are apparent throughout his art, both in the work of the days of the Brotherhood

and in those later pictures which have charmed the multitude on the walls of Burlington House.

Unhampered by the technical inability that was such a stumbling-block to Rossetti in the realisation of his entrancing visions, and gifted by Nature with a power of sure and rapid work that rendered quite unnecessary the long and patient labour with which Holman Hunt builds up his pictures, one would expect that the work of Millais as a whole would have excelled the achievement of his fellow-artists. But it cannot fairly be said that this is so. There are individual pictures of beauty, distinction and charm, but despite the admirable qualities already alluded to, as a group they lack the individuality and the distinctive informing spirit that makes the work of Madox Brown and Holman Hunt so interesting and consistent; though many an admirer thinks that had he continued to work on the old lines his achievement (great artist as he was) would have been still greater, and regrets keenly that from any cause he should have lapsed into another groove. It would perhaps be too much to say that when he abandoned the tenets of the Brotherhood of which he was the erstwhile champion, he became in any sense the "Lost Leader" of the poem; and one cannot think that a painter who died a baronet and the official head of English art had retrograded from the position he took up and the work he accomplished as a youth; still there are those who would give much to see in his more mature work the poetic insight, the grasp of the romantic aspect of life, that mark his earlier pictures, and who mourn that one so supremely gifted as a painter should seem in his later days to have cared so little what the subject was that he depicted with unrivalled ability.

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## CHAPTER V

# PRE-RAPHAELITE AND IDEALIST:

### DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, possibly the most original genius in the domains of art and letters that this century has seen, was born in 1828, the son of Gabriel Rossetti and Frances Polidori, his wife. The Christian names conferred upon him were Gabriel Charles Dante, but he early dropped Charles, and transposed the two others, and as Dante Rossetti his name will go down to posterity. In the house of his father, a man of singularly wide reading and ardent thought, and a poet as well as a scholar, he lived in an atmosphere permeated with literary culture. The natural consequence was that, gifted to an extraordinary degree with poetic and imaginative powers of the highest order, he would seem to have acquired unconsciously (or, at any rate, without any exertion other than a pleasurable one) the means of literary expression, a craftsmanship in verse that is beyond cavil; but when the longing came upon him to embody pictorially the visions that, even as a lad, presented themselves to him, the drudgery of acquiring the rudiments of painting was repugnant to his spirit; and it cannot be denied that much of his work in this medium consequently exhibits technical shortcomings. As to his inspiration there can be no two opinions. He was essentially and thoroughly a poet of the very highest rank; his mind teemed with coloured and mystical

imagery, and he was gifted with an intense and passionate love of beauty, and a sustained fervour of expression almost unique: had his technical powers as a painter equalled his mastery of verse, we should possibly be compelled to hail him as the greatest artist of the age. Of his poetic achievement this is, of course, not the place to speak; of his artistic accomplishment the following pages will contain some account, unfortunately, but necessarily, too brief to be entirely adequate.

What artistic training Dante Rossetti did receive commenced in 1842, when he entered the art school well known as "Sass's," in Bloomsbury Street, Bedford Square, which was then presided over by F. S. Cary, the son of the translator of Dante; and thence, in 1846, he passed into the Antique school of the Royal Academy. He did not proceed to the Life and Painting schools, though while at the Academy it is said that he worked with genuine enthusiasm for the end he had in view; that is to say, he strongly desired to become an accomplished painter; but, as has been said before, routine study was alien to his nature, and being little interested in the means set before him as necessary, he displayed considerable indifference as to them. It was a year later that he attempted his first oil picture, *Retro me Sathana*, but this did not arrive at completion; and, shortly after, dissatisfied maybe with his teaching, he wrote the letter to Ford Madox Brown, which has already been alluded to, as occasioning such momentous results. The consequence of the acquaintance thus formed was that Madox Brown took Rossetti as his pupil, and set him to copying pictures (a task he appears to have relished), and also to still-life work, drawing from "pots and pans," which was entirely distasteful. But, however careless he became as a draughtsman in

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

LADY LILITH

later days, he undoubtedly acquired by this preliminary drudgery, and exercised at this time, a power of keen and accurate drawing, as is plainly evinced by the pencil portrait of his grandfather, Gaetano Polidori, dating from 1848.

The same year saw the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood (as already detailed), and the inception of Rossetti's first picture *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin*, which was hung next year in the "Free Exhibition" in Hyde Park, while Millais and Holman Hunt showed their pictures at the Royal Academy. The keynotes of this picture may be said to be simplicity and sacred mysticism. The Virgin, represented as a girl of about seventeen, is shown on a balcony beneath an overhanging vine, working, under the direction of her mother St Anna, at an embroidery representing a lily, the emblem of purity, which she copies from a plant watered by a little angel with rose-coloured wings. The father, St Joachim, is seen outside pruning a vine, on one of the supports of which roosts a dove surrounded by a golden halo and symbolic of the Holy Spirit; and there are numerous other details, each with a well-chosen symbolic or spiritual meaning, such as the books of the virtues on which the lily stands, the seven-thorned briar and seven-leaved palm branch, surrounded by a scroll inscribed, "Tot dolores, tot gaudia." The picture is painted in bright colours, quite in the style of the early artists the Brotherhood took as their models; the handling, though by no means masterly, is delicate and true, and the composition is quite simple and naively decorative, while the effect of the work as a whole is very pleasing, full as it is of spiritual thought and appropriate symbolism.

This picture, and the one which followed from Rossetti's brush next year, the wonderful *Ecce Ancilla*

*Domini* (marvellous indeed as the work of a boy of twenty-one), may be taken as typical of the artist's work in oils in the first of the three periods into which his art may be said to fall. These, and some of the water-colours of this period, are the only truly Pre-Raphaelite pictures that he produced; his later works (as will be seen) being by no means closely painted transcripts from Nature, but rather romantic works of the most ideal kind, in which, however, traces are still to be found—in the attention to details and accessories—of the artist's erstwhile enthusiasm for sincerity and veracity of presentment. But almost more characteristic of this phase of Rossetti's art are the numerous water-colours executed between the years 1850 and 1860, full of splendour of colour and freshness of conception. *The Passover in the Holy Family* (a highly Pre-Raphaelite drawing, conceived in 1849, but left unfinished in 1855); *Paolo and Francesca; Lancelot and Guinevere at the Tomb of Arthur; The Blue Closet; Dante on the Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice; The Chapel before the Lists; The Tune of Seven Towers; Sir Galahad; Lucrezia Borgia; Fazio's Mistress;* and many others which might be mentioned. These do not call for detailed description; each is replete with rich colour and imaginative charm, and the effect produced upon those who were privileged to see them (Rossetti working then as always for a small and intimate circle, by no means desirous of any appeal to popular appreciation) may be judged from the description by the late James Smetham of *The Wedding of St George.* "One of the grandest things, like a golden, dim dream. Love, 'credulous all gold,' gold armour, a sense of secret enclosure in 'palace chambers far apart'; but quaint chambers in quaint palaces, where angels creep in through sliding-panel doors, and stand behind rows

SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

THE ESCAPE OF A HERETIC

SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

THE BRIDESMAID

SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE

SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART

MERCY—ST BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY

Swan Electric Engraving Co

*The Day Dream.*

*By Dante Gabriel Rossetti*

of flowers, drumming on golden bells, with wings crimson and green."

A more critical note from the pen of Mr Sydney Colvin may be quoted as probably the soundest and sanest estimate ever penned of the artist's achievement of this period, in which the writer says: "To sum up generally the characteristics of this period, the first are vividness and ingenuity of dramatic presentment, the idea so predominating over the matter that actions are allowed to appear as strained, and compositions as naif, as they please, provided only the emotional and intellectual points are driven home. These are among the qualities whereby Rossetti's work is obviously and spontaneously allied to that of the Middle Age; others are his enjoyment of the quaint invention of costumes and furniture, and the weight of symbolical meaning which he makes every circumstantial detail and accessory bear. Others, again, are his neglect of the elements of chiaroscuro and atmosphere in painting, and his delight in and insistence on the element of colour. Many of the little pictures of this time flash and glow like jewels or the fragments of some gorgeous painted window. Sometimes this brilliancy and variegation of colour is carried to a point where harmony is left quite behind; in other instances, as in Mr Boyce's beautiful version of the *Meeting of Dante and Beatrice in Purgatory*, a water-colour of 1852, a scheme of extraordinary daring, as it were malachite and emerald, sapphire and turquoise and lapis-lazuli set side by side, is nevertheless treated as to satisfy as well as amaze the colour-sense."

In the pictures of the second period of Rossetti's art the more characteristic work is in oils, and the artist ceased somewhat to tell a story by means of a dramatic group; he rather used a single female figure and its accessories as symbolic of an abstract idea or theme, a

personification of some intellectual conception; or else he simply painted beauty for beauty's sake, a lovely form bedecked with all the rich adornments his vivid fancy revelled in; a lovely face full of sensuous charm and the mystery of beauty. In these pictures Rossetti's genius shows itself ripe, but not over-ripe; the characteristics of a certain type of feminine beauty are obviously dominant in his work, though not, as in later days, over-emphasised; and his drawing, while occasionally poor, is not so faulty as it afterwards was, while his colour throughout is masterly, and the painting of the details he delighted to introduce into his pictures—the flowers, rich stuffs and jewels—is superb. Later, his colour was apt to be hot and jarring; his genius, always poetical, seemed to turn to the morbid in its manifestations; and, though in the last year or two of his life better work came from his easel, it is not by the pictures of this third phase that he will be judged, and they do not call, accordingly, for detailed notice. When the subject of Rossetti's technique is under review, it should be noticed that it was characteristic of his method of work to prepare for these larger pictures in oils very careful chalk drawings (which indeed might rather be called crayon pictures), many of which are to the full as beautiful as the finished work, possibly because he understood the possibilities and the limitations of the method completely; and it should also be definitely stated that, though he was admittedly never completely accomplished as a painter in oils, in this department he yet acquired real power within the limits that he set himself. Depth of tone and chiaroscuro he did not aim at, but his flesh-painting in this middle period of his work is excellent, displaying a certain bloom and beauty together with much delicate modelling; problems of colour were by him solved in the most masterly

JOLI CŒUR

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

LA BELLA MANO

manner; and, as has been said, his delightful rendering of accessories, of enamels and blossoms, as in *The Bride*; of mirrors and brazen vessels, and sumptuous furniture, as in *La Bella Mano*, must always be a keen source of pleasure to the beholder.

Perhaps the best known of the pictures of this period is *Beata Beatrix*, the chalk version of which dates from 1859, while the oil picture now in the national collection would seem to have been completed in 1863. This reminiscence of the painter's lost wife, "pourtrayed with perfect fidelity out of the inner chambers of his soul," depicts Beatrice seated on the balcony of her father's palace in Florence, entranced in heavenly visions; and the depth and sense of mystery, the "intense and beautiful peace," pervading the work, place it on a plane apart. This was followed by such work as *Fair Rosamund* (1861); *Belcolore* (1863), a gem of the first water; *Lady Lilith* (1864); and then came the *annus mirabilis* of Rossetti's artistic life, which saw the completion of the oil-colour versions of such superb masterpieces as *Monna Vanna*, *Il Ramoscello*, *Venus Verticordia*, and *The Beloved*. Later were painted *Joli Cœur* (1867); *Monna Rosa* (1867); the crayon version of the *Donna della Finestra* (1869); *Mariana* (1870); *Proserpina* (1874); *Veronica Veronese* (1872); and *La Bella Mano* (1875); the last two marking perhaps in the exotic fulness of their beauty, the lavish wealth of their conception and the force of their colour and handling, the end of this, the noblest phase of Rossetti's art. These were succeeded by other pictures in which the artist's individualities degenerated into mannerisms; his ideals more or less ran away with him, and his colour and handling were no longer equal to that of his best work.

Most typical of the highest achievements of Rossetti's

genius is *The Bride*, and of this picture so entirely adequate a description and appreciation has been penned by Mr F. G. Stephens, the lifelong friend of the artist, that no excuses are needed for quoting that critic's words at length. "*The Bride*, or *The Beloved*," he says, "dates its origin from 1863, and as regards its splendour and colour and the passion of its design need not fear comparison with the greatest works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Venice. In these respects this *chef d'œuvre* is a superb and ardent illustration of the Song of Solomon, '*My beloved is mine, and I am his; let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine!*'

"The picture comprises—as if they had halted in a marriage procession, towards the spot where the enraptured bridegroom awaits them—five life-size adult maidens and a negro girl, who, in the front of the group, and bearing a mass of roses in a golden vase, is adorned with barbaric jewellery, all of which harmonises with her dusky skin, which, although it has the true Titianesque ruddy undertint, is of a deep bronze-brown surface hue. The negress and her burthen are intended to contrast intensely with the costume and face of the bride herself, who is clad in an apple-green robe, as lustrous as silk and as splendid as gold and embroideries of flowers and leaves in natural colours can make it. This garment and its decorations support the colour of the dark maid's skin, and heighten the value of the pure red and white of the bride's carnations, while the contours of the African's face and form contrast with the Caucasian charm of the bride, her stately countenance, and 'amorous-lidded eyes.'

"The *Song* is aptly illustrated by the attire of the bride and her companions; it says: 'She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework: the

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

VENUS VERTICORDIA

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

LA DONNA DELLA FINESTRA

virgins that be her fellows shall bear her company, and shall be brought unto thee.' On either side of the bride appear two damsels, not yet brides. The principal figures are differently clad, diverse in face and form, and to some extent contrasted in character and expression. Besides her robe the bride wears about her head and throat a veil of tissue differing in its green from that of the robe, and above her forehead rises an aigrette of scarlet enamel and gold that resembles in some respects the peculiar head-dress of ancient Egyptian royalty; this is set like a coronet upon her hair, while advancing towards the bridegroom, with an action at once graceful and natural, she, half thoughtfully, half in pride of supreme loveliness, has moved the tissue from her face and throat. With the same movement she has thrown backwards a large ringlet of her hair, revealing the softened dignity of her love-laden eyes, as well as her face, which is exquisitely fair and fine, and has the least hint of blushes within the skin, as though the heart of the lady quickened, while we see there is tenderness in her look, but voluptuous ardour nowhere.

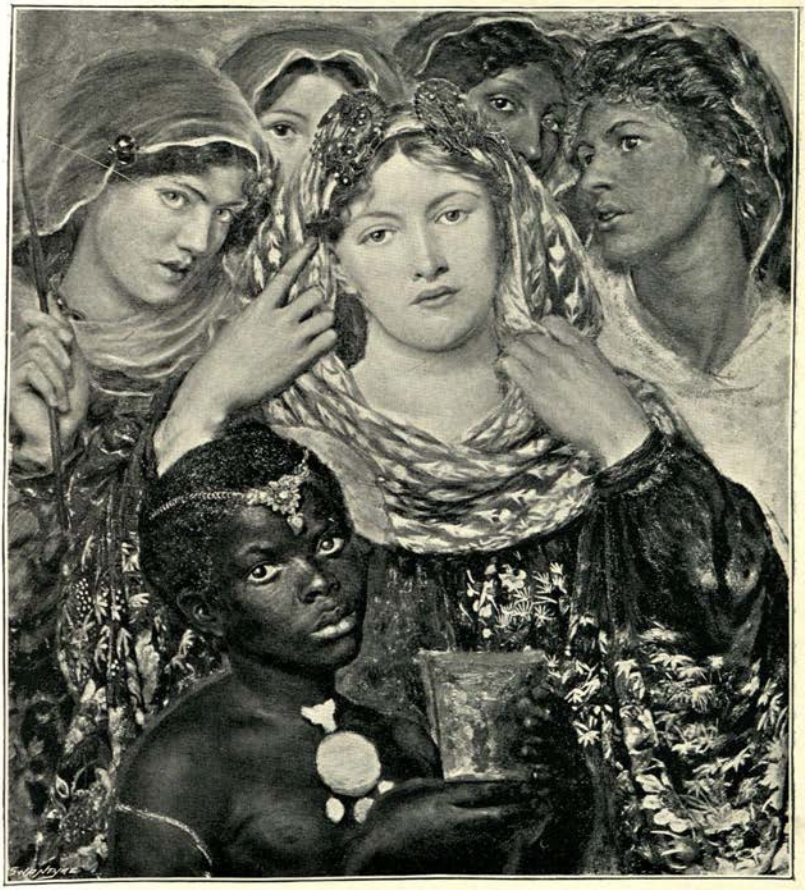
"All the four maids seem to have been chanting a nuptial strain, while they have moved rhythmically with the steps of the bride.

"Excepting one or two later works of the master, where sentiment of a more exalted sort, as in *Proserpina*, inspired the designs, *The Beloved* appears to me to be the finest production of his genius. Of his skill, in the high artistic sense, implying the vanquishment of prodigious difficulties — difficulties the greater because of his imperfect technical education—there cannot be two opinions as to the pre-eminence of Mr Rae's magnificent possession. It indicates the consummation of Rossetti's powers in the highest order of modern art, and is in perfect harmony with that poetic inspiration

which is found in every one of his more ambitious pictures. This example can only be called Venetian, because of the splendid colouring which obtains in it. Tintoret produced works which assort most fortunately with this one, and his finely dramatic mode of designing reappears, so to say, in *The Beloved*, where the intensity of Venetian art is exalted, if that term be allowed, in a modern strain, while its form, coloration, and chiaroscuro are most subtly devised to produce a whole which is thoroughly harmonised, and entirely self-sustained. Of how few modern instances could this be said? The colouring of this picture supports the sentiment of the design in the happiest manner, and in its magnificence the work agrees with the chastity of the conception. There is a nuptial inspiration throughout it, even in the deep red of the blush roses the negress bears. The technique is so fine that it leaves nothing to be desired, even in the lustrousness of the gold vase, in the varied brilliancy of the robe of the bride, in the subtle delicacy of the carnations, solidly and elaborately modelled as they are, and varied to suit the nature of each of the figures. Rossetti's *Beloved* is in English art what Spenser's gorgeous and passionate *Epithalamium* is in English verse, and if not more rapturous, it is more compact of sumptuous elements."

Any adequate attempt to review the characteristics of Rossetti's own wonderful achievement, and his influence on art at large, would necessarily be lengthy; no brief note would suffice to convey a true appreciation of the originality and the power of this wayward and self-centred genius. The influence he exercised on contemporaries and successors was by no means inconsiderable, in spite of his life having been spent outside the world of art and letters. The position that he occupied in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood has

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI



THE BELOVED

already been alluded to, and what share was actually his in their vivifying crusade may never be really known. But it is admitted that it was he who had the *penchant* for propaganda and proselytising, that his was the fiery soul that was the source of so much poetic inspiration; without him the Brotherhood as such would probably not have come into being, and the existence of the Brotherhood converted the sporadic (and possibly futile) efforts, which the others would doubtless have singly made on their own initiative, into a systematic attempt to introduce a healthier tendency into our national art, an attempt which has had the most far-reaching results. The intense activity of to-day, in all branches of art, as compared with the lethargy and torpidity of fifty years ago, can be traced very largely to the stand made by these young men and their associates. But, besides the effect that Rossetti had on art through Pre-Raphaelism, and besides the school of direct followers that have arisen inspired by his work (a group to be treated of later), there is the influence of his own strange ideals and his unique achievements to be traced in the work of many and diverse artists. It would be very fascinating, and at the same time rather startling, to follow the ramifications of this inspiration among those painters who are far from being of the school of Rossetti. Artists whose aims are as far apart as Mr Whistler and Sir J. D. Linton, Matthew Maris and George du Maurier, Mr Wilson Steer and Mr William Wontner (these by way of example), have betrayed occasionally touches of inspiration or passages of work that, noted by the intelligent critic, cause the question to rise unbidden in the mind—would these have occured to the more recent artist had Rossetti never painted? And though space will not permit any expansion of this theme, it must be noted that not only English but Continental

artists are beginning to own the sway and the fascination of the work of Rossetti and his disciple, Burne Jones.

Turning to his actual work it may be said that, materially, its keynote is splendour, splendour of colour, of conception, of *mise en scène*, coupled with grandeur and impressiveness of design. His essentially romantic spirit delighted in the exotic and the unique, and there is a sense of opulence in all his work that is almost overpowering. Technically, of course (as has been already said), there are shortcomings in some of his pictures; his drawing is not immaculate, and his powers of realisation were not equal to his gift of imagination. He was essentially a poet working in pigments, and it is evident, from his use of the explanatory sonnet appended to so many of his pictures, that he himself was conscious of the inadequacy of pictorial art to convey all that he sought to express. But with all shortcomings what a glorious achievement his is!

Spiritually, he was a devotee of beauty, and supreme beauty he rightly found and fashioned in the ideal faces that he painted so well. But the distinction of Rossetti's work lies in the fact that he conceived and embodied not beauty alone, but that element of strangeness in beauty which Mr Walter Pater rightly discerned as the inmost spirit of romantic art. It has been said that he always depicted one face, and one only, but this has more than once been shown to be erroneous. At the same time, he has admittedly invested many of the faces he painted (especially in his later days) with the characteristics of a type of beauty that was a creation of his own; in other words, he originated a new ideal loveliness, a type that appeals at once to the beholder's sensuous joy in beauty and his intellectual apprehension of a soul behind the mask. Lovely faces he depicted, overshadowed by a cloud of dusky hair, "sweet carved

ELIZABETH ELEANOR ROSSETTI

LADY CLARE

lips for a conqueror's kiss," all the body's beauty that his artist's mind conceived he strove to depict, and by and through this beauty all the loveliness of soul that his poet's heart could dream of. The sweetness of love, the glamour of mysteries unknown, the brooding aspect of passion, the clear and placid joy of living, are all to be found in the limpid depths of his women's eyes—such wonderful eyes as no other artist has ever painted, from the clear grey unshadowed ones, that seem to swim in the head of *The Bride*, to the dusky orbs that burn in the face of *Astarte*, "in Venus' eyes the gaze of Proserpine."

There are critics, of course, to whom the type of beauty he chose is repellent, and there are pictures of his in which the "lovely large arms and the neck like a tower," are exaggerated to an unacceptable degree, as well as the facial characteristics that have been alluded to; but, while one recognises the truth of some adverse criticism, one is still justified in acclaiming the author of so long a series of works, marked by such marvellous glory of colour, intensely vivid feeling, and opulence of beauty, as essentially and truly an artist of supreme genius.

## CHAPTER VI

# THE OTHER PRE-RAPHAELITE BRETHREN:

JAMES COLLINSON
WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI
FREDERICK GEORGE STEPHENS
THOMAS WOOLNER
WALTER HOWELL DEVERELL

THE remaining members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, as originally constituted, were Thomas Woolner, F. G. Stephens (at that time an art student), James Collinson, and W. M. Rossetti. The latter, not being a painter, acted as a sort of secretary of the *coterie*, and was for some years almost the only writer who ventured to uphold the principles of the fraternity. This he did in the *Critic* and the *Spectator*; and it was, doubtless, largely due to his championship, as well as to the advocacy of John Ruskin, that the Pre-Raphaelite influence extended far beyond the immediate circle of the original group. F. G. Stephens, well equipped by reading and temperament, also turned his attention to the literature of art, abandoning its practice; and though his life's work, as he truly says, has been mostly with the pen, it would have been interesting to include among the illustrations of this book an example of his pictorial art, and it is a matter for regret that this was found impossible. The work of Woolner, the sculptor, being in another medium, is not treated of here; and it must

THE RENUNCIATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY

be admitted that the achievement of Collinson is not particularly noteworthy. This artist's most remarkable work is *The Renunciation of St Elizabeth of Hungary*, and this, which is a praiseworthy picture, was more or less of a spasmodic effort, his usual style being chiefly domestic art; and he did not make the mark which in the early days of the movement his colleagues had hoped for, although another picture of his, *The Charity Boy's Debut*, which was painted in 1848, before his connection with the Brotherhood, attracted some attention. Modest and retiring in his disposition, his work was unambitious, and on becoming a Roman Catholic he fancied that it was incumbent on him to resign his membership of the society. The connection thus terminated was not re-established; and though he lived and painted till the spring of 1881, he passes out of our story.

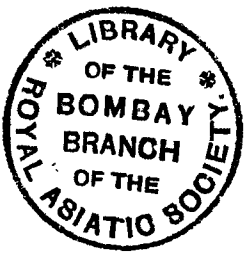
When Walter Howell Deverell died, in 1854, at the early age of twenty-six, he was not only a loss to the circle of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, but also to the world of art at large, for had he lived a few years longer he would without doubt have distinguished himself. He was an intimate of Dante Rossetti, who nominated him for the place in the fraternity left vacant by the secession of Collinson, and Deverell more than repaid this act of friendship by being the means of introducing Rossetti to Miss Siddal, who was afterwards his wife. This lady was sitting at the time to Deverell as the model for the head of the disguised Viola in the picture reproduced in this volume—how often and how lovingly Rossetti depicted her strangely-beautiful face as Beatrice, or in some other character, there is no need to say here. This large picture is a scene from *Twelfth Night, Act II., Sc.* 4. The Duke, the central figure of the composition, is a strong piece of painting: he is depicted as a love-sick

man, wishing to be entertained by the songs and music of his surrounding friends and attendants, and yet, withal, he cannot hide the trouble which is uppermost in his mind—his unrequited love for Olivia. On his right is seated Viola, disguised as a boy; and to the left the clown is singing with earnestness, and, at the same time, with such an air of self-satisfaction as denotes the high value he sets on his own abilities. This is a picture which gives evidence of thought and power; but the painter was not to live long enough to show the fruit of his promise. Artistic, clever, genial, remarkably good-looking, fortune in other respects was unkind to him. In 1853 the death of his father, who was secretary to the Schools of Design (now enlarged into the Science and Art Department), threw additional responsibility on to his shoulders, and the ill-health which was to cause his death the year after attacked him. Still, in spite of all, he was full of courage, and continued to paint, his last picture being *The Doctor's Last Visit*—a physician trying to explain to the assembled family of a sick man that there is no hope. Other works by him were *A Lady with a Bird-cage*, formerly in the Leathart collection, and a *Scene from "As You Like It,"* on which Rossetti worked after the artist's death: and in these, as in all, he painted closely from Nature, and displayed an exquisite sense of simplicity and grace.

It will thus be seen that the pictorial work accomplished by the actual members of the Brotherhood, other than the three leaders, was a negligeable quantity. In itself, it was not of great importance as a practical exposition of their creed, but it was desirable, in the interests of completeness and accuracy, that a brief account of it should be included here, before turning to the painters who did work based on Pre-Raphaelite principles, though they were not actually members of the brief-lived

SCENE FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT," ACT II., SCENE IV.

Brotherhood. How brief was the actual life of the Brotherhood, as originally conceived and inaugurated, may be judged from Mr W. M. Rossetti's statement that the fraternity, founded in the autumn of 1848, may be regarded as sinking into desuetude from the early part of 1851, if considered as a practical working organisation; how enduring and far-reaching the results of their crusade (which by no means ceased when their periodic meetings became obsolete), will be seen from the following pages.

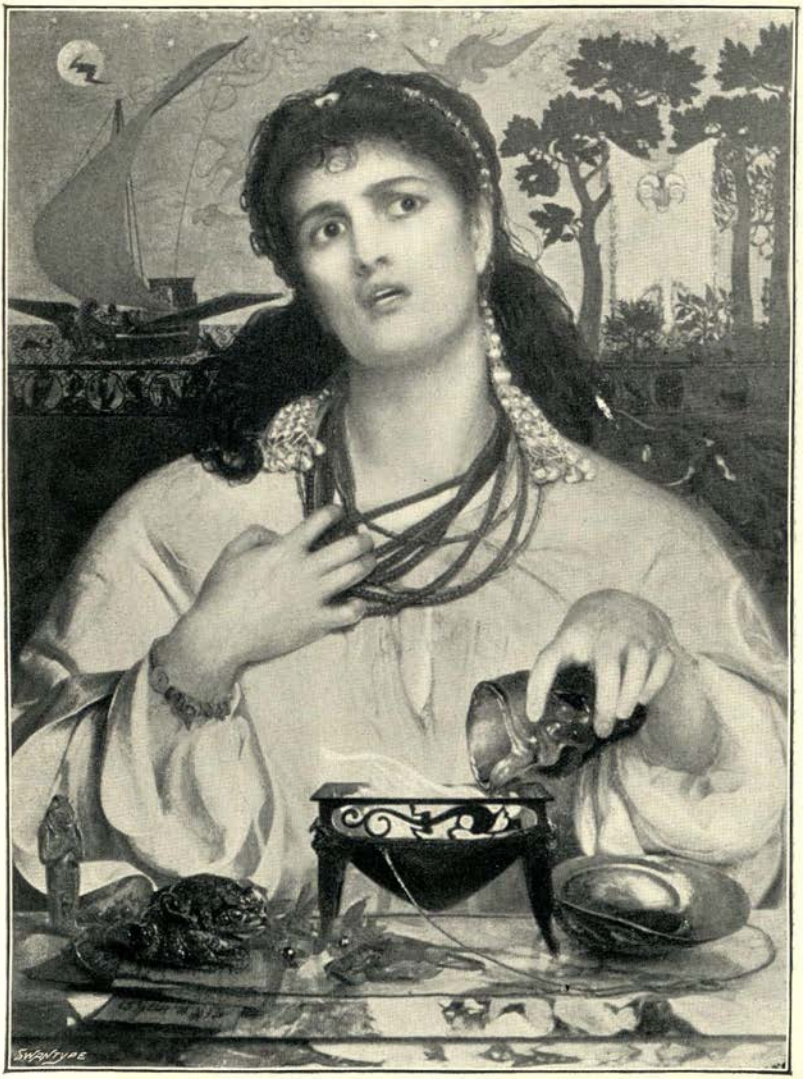

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

## CHAPTER VII

# THE ROMANTIC INFLUENCE

### FREDERICK SANDYS
### SIMEON SOLOMON
### GEORGE WILSON

HAVING considered the aims and the work of the men who were officially, if the term may be permitted, of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the following pages must be devoted to an account, however brief, of the achievement of the painters who have been directly or indirectly influenced by the principles or the practice of the members of the Brotherhood. It has already been pointed out that the term Pre-Raphaelite has been very loosely used by those who talk the jargon of art without a knowledge of the true meaning of the words they employ; and that the expression has been applied indiscriminately to two classes of work. As has been noted, it has been employed to describe the pictures painted with unsparing effort after truth in every way—honest endeavours after sincerity which are really and truly Pre-Raphaelite, as the inventors of the word understood it; and it has been used (and this is where confusion has arisen) to characterise every picture which showed in conception or in feeling that the painter had been influenced by the later work of Dante Rossetti, or of his pupil, Edward Burne-Jones; and the word has so far passed into the language with this double meaning that it would be vain to attempt to prevent its use in the



MEDEA

twofold way. The only thing to be done is to accept it frankly, and to include in a book like this not only the work of Windus and Burton, entirely and absolutely Pre-Raphaelite, but also the productions of Simeon Solomon, for example, which never were Pre-Raphaelite in the true sense of the word (work less realistic never came from the easel of a painter), but which is Pre-Raphaelite in the sense of showing, in a very marked degree, an inspiration akin to that of Rossetti.

The three distinguished artists who are here grouped together have been considered in one chapter because the observer may mark in their work the presentment of the romantic spirit as affecting different minds. Each has painted ideal and imaginative pictures —that is the common ground on which they may be treated of; the differences are great and noteworthy. To Rossetti the world of romance, the lands of dreams and visions, was spiritual or sensuous or tragic by turns or altogether: his magnificent and many-sided imagination could give us the pure loveliness of a *Beata Beatrix*, or the splendid "body's beauty," of *La Bella Mano*, or the haunting pity of the *Donna della Finestra*, or the tragedy of *Found*. His was the master-mind; but as regards the work of the three painters whose names head this chapter we may see one dominant idea in each case, Frederick Sandys strikes a note that Rossetti never did —the Wagnerian note of the tragedy of heroes, almost superhuman, elemental; Simeon Solomon shows us, maybe in allegory, the brooding aspect of passion—a slumbrous yet ecstatic fervour that is not of the Western world, less of the mind than Sandys, less of the spirit than George Wilson; while the work of this last artist displays a charm that is purely spiritual, a charm as dissociated from any earthly basis and any attraction of bodily beauty as is the source of so much of his

inspiration—the poetry of Shelley. Of course, each of these artists, being an artist, expresses his ideal in terms of physical beauty, if the expression may be used, but with neither is mere physical loveliness the end and aim of his endeavours.

There is at present a tendency among many of the gentlemen who pass as art critics to announce every now and again, with a blare of trumpets and a banging of cymbals, the discovery of a hitherto unknown artist. He may be either a very young man who endeavours to compel by novelty or audacity the reputation that years of solid achievement may not bring (such an one confounding fame and notoriety), or he may be one of the seniors in the arts who has elected to do his life-work quietly and unostentatiously, without any glare of self-advertisement or any chorus of puff from a clique; in either case, it is his misfortune to be "discovered" occasionally, and no artist has suffered more from such "discovery" than Frederick Sandys. To those art lovers who are not allured by meretricious trickery or awed by pictorial fecundity, the occasional work of this great painter has always given pleasure. His pictures have been eagerly anticipated, greeted with admiration, and lovingly remembered; but, at the same time, it is perfectly true that he has never been a popular artist, and that "the man in the street" knows him not.

It has been stated more than once that Sandys was a pupil of George Richmond and Samuel Lawrence (upon whose style of chalk drawing he is supposed to have based his own), while it is also said that he attended the Royal Academy Schools; but these assertions are incorrect, and, unlike some of the other Pre-Raphaelite artists, he owes nothing to the Academy for his artistic training and development. Born in 1832, at Norwich, his earliest teaching was derived from his father, himself a painter;

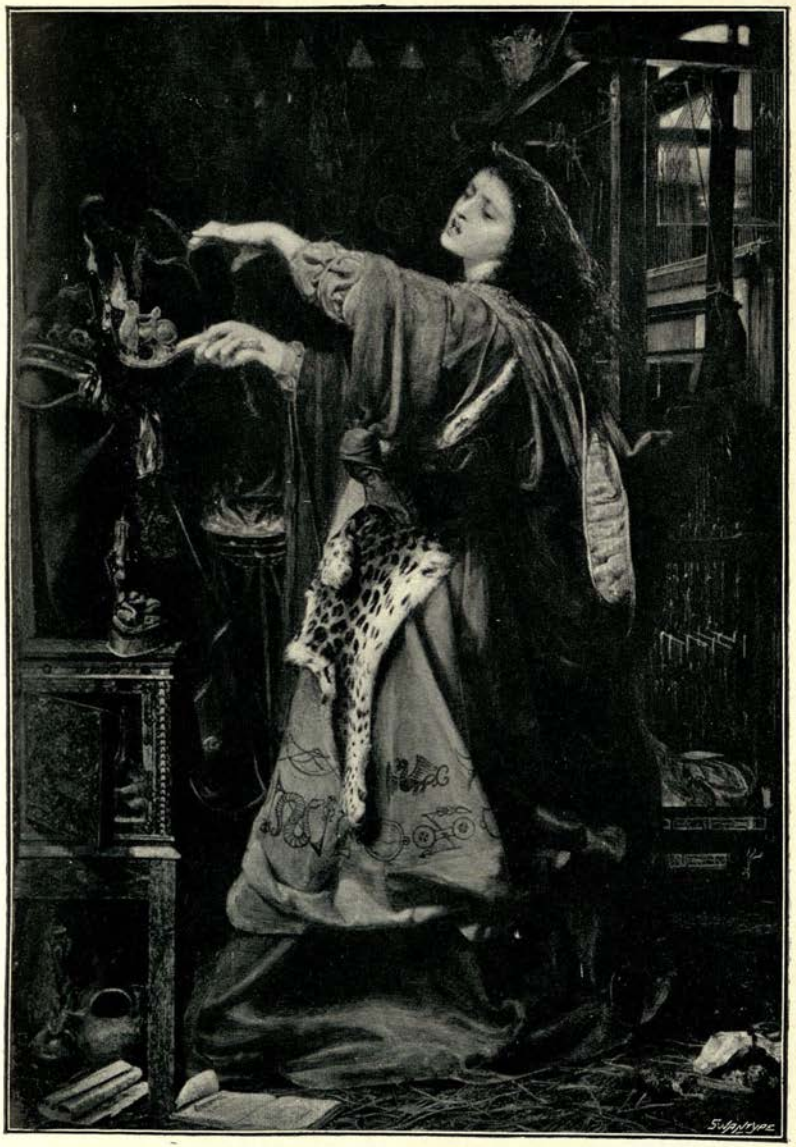
FREDERICK SANDYS

VIVIEN

and the studies executed in his days of pupilage which still exist show that, while working along independent lines, he tended to the same goal as Madox Brown and Holman Hunt. This tendency to searching care in draughtsmanship and absolute sincerity of presentment was, no doubt, confirmed by his acquaintance with Rossetti, the master-spirit of the group. It was in 1857 that Sandys first called on Rossetti, taking the opportunity to obtain a mental likeness of him, afterwards used in that curious caricature *The Nightmare*. The story of this is so well known that it need not be told again; suffice it to say that the acquaintance developed into friendship, and in 1860 the two artists were residing under the same roof. At first Sandys devoted himself mainly to drawing for woodcuts for *Once a Week* and other periodical publications, drawings in many cases so excellently translated by the engraver that the woodcuts are treasures to be hoarded; but very shortly the artist commenced that lovely series of ideal pictures by which his fame is assured. One at least of these paintings, *The Valkyrie*, is a translation from the black-and-white of a woodcut (*Harald Harfagr*) into colour, and the beauty of this canvas and the richness of the colour in the flowers and the robe of the stately figure standing in the sunset glow and questioning the sacred raven make one wish that such drawings as *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards*, and the splendid conception that illustrates Christina Rossetti's poem *Amor Mundi* had also been repeated as pictures. Others, such as *Danae in the Brazen Chamber*, *Manoli*, and especially *The Old Chartist*, would have made canvases that would have been delightful to look upon, strong and restrained, full of charm and decorative beauty. The qualities of grandeur of conception and strength of execution which are apparent in these woodcuts are evident throughout the artist's

work in the nobler medium—pictures, such as *Vivien*, *Morgan le Fay*, and *Medea*, and others which might be named, of subjects taken from the fields of old romance.

It may be that it is to Rossetti's influence, or, at any rate, to his example, that we owe these and similar pictures of chivalric and classic ideal. Rossetti's influence may perhaps also be traced in some cases in the type of female beauty chosen by the artist, and in the sumptuous colour of the completed work; but this inspiration did not go further, for it is to Sandys himself, technically a much more accomplished artist than his friend, that we owe the note of lofty tragedy that is the dominant theme in his art. This individual note is very remarkable. The artist choses as a subject Cassandra cowing with her scathing words of scorn the shrinking Helen, or the terrible agony of Medea, rather than the neo-Hellenic futilities that now pass muster as classic art; and when he turns to subjects from the Arthurian cycle or the Scandinavian Sagas, we find him, if possible, still more at home. His spirit is essentially attuned to that of Gothic romance, while Rossetti's art gives evidence everywhere of his Italian blood. The sensuous mediævalism, or the spiritual purity of Rossetti's triumphs, are alien to our northern climes; we know their beauty, we feel their charm, but they are exotic: the sombre and tragic intensity of Sandys' work, and the stern, passionate beauty of his conceptions show an inspiration of sterner mould, and can only be compared to the grandeur and the brooding horror of the Sagas of the North. The calm, scornful loveliness of *Vivien* (reproduced in these pages), the splendour of the beauty depicted, and the masterly colour and technique of the painting, combine to make it a very noteworthy picture; but it was succeeded by two other canvasses, *Morgan le Fay* and *Medea*, in which the tragic note is more evident. Morgan



MORGAN LE FAY

le Fay was the sister of King Arthur, who, envying the love he inspired, and hating the guileless honesty of his soul, planned, with the aid of sorcery, many attempts on his life and happiness. The picture shows her, worn with the strength of her own evil passions, standing near the loom on which she has woven a mantle designed for Arthur—a Nessus' shirt which will destroy the wearer—and gazing at it by the light of a lamp, her face lit with the anticipation of her hateful triumph. Beauty distorted with passion, a soul whelmed in malice—such is the picture. *Medea* has been thus described: "A half-length of the wife of Jason, her cheeks pale and thin, and her eyes wild with anguish; the white drapery and the white countenance alike lit up with weird illumination by the flames that issue from a brazier set on a marble slab in front, upon which lie instruments of enchantment—mysterious runes, pagan images, bright-eyed toads, and a shell filled with clotted human blood. With one hand she pours poison into the brazier from a strangely-shaped vessel of glass, the fingers of the other clutch wildly at the necklace of red coral and blue beads that is coiled round her neck; and behind, on the dark background, are wrought symbolic figures of the Golden Fleece and the ship Argo, and all the tragic things of Medea's life." Sandys has in later years abandoned to some extent his work in oils, and has practised in crayons, producing in this medium many rich and beautiful designs; but in all his work, in monochrome or in colours, this element of passion and of tragedy is conspicuous: he choses deliberately sternness rather than tenderness, power rather than softness. The scornful petulance of *Proud Maisie* as she listens to the prophecy of the bird; the poignant longing of *Penelope*; the intense horror of *Cassandra*, voicing the awful devastation of the future of Troy, and anguished beyond expression at the heedless aspect of

those who hear—such conceptions he depicts with vigour and strength; while, from beginning to end of his achievement (and the end is not yet, we hope), he shows himself, as Rossetti said, "the greatest of living draughtsmen"; and his versatile technical accomplishments, united with such imaginative fire and spontaneity, proclaiming him one of the greatest of the Pre-Raphaelite painters, not embarassed, as was Rossetti, by imperfect training in his craft, and more gifted with original insight and with inspiration than was Millais.

It must not be forgotten that Frederick Sandys is also portrait painter—a painter of absolute and searching likenesses, such as place the sitter before the spectator with entire actuality. His oil paintings of *Mrs Anderson Rose* and *Mrs Lewis* are marvellous in their life-like fidelity, and may be said to be unapproached in this country since the days of Holbein; while such chalk drawings as the portraits of *Mrs Jean Palmer*, *Lord Battersea*, *Matthew Arnold*, *John Richard Green*, *Dean Church*, and *Lord Tennyson* (the three latter being items in a series of likenesses of literary men commissioned by Messrs Macmillan) reveal in their vigour and dignity the hand of the master. Colour, detail, character—all are here; and in these, as in the imaginative works spoken of before, we see the apotheosis of Gothic art—Gothic, that is, as contrasted both with the true and unconventional landscape school, which is a comparatively modern product, and with the neo-classicisms, obvious or masked, that do duty as the greater part of art in England to-day. Whether he re-embodies for us some old legend, or whether he shows, as in his portraits, the presentments of men as they are, he is an unflinching realist; a master of beauty, he deals not in abstractions, but in actualities; and if Ford Madox Brown was the modern representative of Holbein, assuredly Frederick Sandys is the successor

DAWN

of Dürer—the successor and not the copyist: for it is similarity due to sympathy, and not to imitation; to the same grim, yet delicate fancy; the same catholic appreciation and assimilation of the good that has gone before; the same originality, directness, and intensity, both of thought and expression. This applies both to the superb poetical work and to the portraits that he has painted. In the former we find dramatic conception allied to masterful technique, the romantic ideal expressed in terms of the severest draughtsmanship; in the latter we see the very men and women who sat to him, not, as is the fashion to-day, a beautiful mask of the sitter, nor, as Mr Watts sometimes gives us, a translation of the subject's mind rather than an actual likeness, but a true, strong, and expressive portrait, excellent in modelling and in drawing—the actual presentment of a human being.

Simeon Solomon, who was born in 1841, came of an artistic stock, his brother Abraham being a painter of sufficient distinction to obtain the Associateship of the Royal Academy; while his sister Rebeka also painted figure subjects, and attracted notice by several exhibited works, one of the best representing Peg Woffington's visit to Triplet and his starving family, as related by Charles Reade. Abraham Solomon's pictures show little or none of the spirit that animates his younger brother's work, the best known being *Waiting for the Verdict*—a very popular subject, representing with truth and pathos the family of a prisoner on trial. Simeon Solomon, like Frederick Sandys, was not a student at the Academy schools; and though he received some instruction, as was natural, from his brother, and some at Legh's Art School, in Newman Street, his genius was mainly self-taught. Like Rossetti, he was somewhat impatient of the discipline of the schools, for his fancies demanded embodiment,

and, naturally enough, he preferred creative work to the routine imposed upon students. It was early in life that he attracted the attention of art lovers, his picture of *Moses*, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1861, exciting the favourable notice of Thackeray, who praised it in one of his "Roundabout Papers"; and it was shortly after, in the year 1864, that he painted his most important work, *Habet*, which the writer has vainly endeavoured to trace. In this picture, inspired by Whyte Melville's novel, "The Gladiators," he concerned himself little, perhaps, with archæological niceties, but he gave expression to the varying play of emotion and character in the faces of a number of Roman ladies who are gazing from the gallery into the arena, where a gladiator, having succumbed to his opponent, is to lose his life—the victim of their merciless whim. But this is scarcely an example of the artist's typical work, which dealt more with abstractions, with symbols, and not with actualities. His wayward genius may be said to be akin to that of the master mystic Blake, but it was of a softer, gentler kind, and with less riotous exuberance of vision. The charming little *Love in Autumn* is an exquisite example of his allegory. The shuddering figure and woful face of the god tell their own pathetic tale, as, buffeted by the chilly winds that mark the coming of winter and death, his radiant plumes bedraggled and useless, he wanders along the rocky path strewn with the fallen leaves that portend decay. The colour, rich but subdued, accords well with the sentiment of the picture, which, so far as it goes, is eminently satisfying: we must not ask virile presentments of intense emotion from the genius of a painter who is a dreamer of dreams, whose art is essentially mystic and exotic. *Amor Sacramentum* and *Dawn* are similar allegorical compositions; and the sensuous fervour of expression that marks such pictures as the beautiful

AMOR SACRAMENTUM

SIMEON SOLOMON

LOVE IN AUTUMN

*Priest of an Eastern Church* and *Greek High Priest* is thoroughly typical of the artist's poetic work.

Allusion should be made here to his chalk drawings, some slight, but many carried so far as to rank with the finished pictures in the more lasting mediums, as was done by Rossetti, whose work evidently appealed strongly to Simeon Solomon's mind; and the beautiful series of pencil drawings, from the book of Ruth and the Song of Songs, must not pass unnoticed. The artist was evidently strongly attracted by the intensity of feeling displayed in the latter poem; his mind was attuned both to its music and its mystic significance, and the drawings by which he has illustrated it are full of the most exquisite beauty and the most subtle charm. Original in the extreme, they are thoroughly in accord with the great "Song," and Solomon shows in these, as in the pictures before spoken of, that, if not a great painter, he is certainly an artist of very distinct poetic charm, and of much individuality.

It may be that exception could be taken to the inclusion of George Wilson in an account of the Pre-Raphaelite painters, and it is true that he was neither a member nor an associate of the group; but it must be admitted that the same spirit was there—he was as little content as they to adopt the routine and the conventions of picture making. Love of Nature and reverence for her was evident in everything that he did; and the same reaction against a mere display of skilful technique, the same impatience of the attempt to formulate rules by which the production of masterpieces could be ensured, and the same honest endeavour to be individual, to paint good pictures, and paint them in the best possible way, mark him as being in sympathy with the aims of the earlier English Pre-Raphaelites. He sought his own path, he aimed at his own goal; and, undeterred by his chronic ill-health, and unmoved by the damnation of faint praise bestowed upon

him by some casual art critic, he went his way, and accomplished a life-work which has not been recognised as the really fine artistic achievement that it is.

Born in 1848, near Cullen, a fishing town on the Banffshire coast, he showed even as a youth the bent of his genius; and when about eighteen, he came to London, having determined to make painting his profession. Heatherley's studio was his first training-ground, and the Royal Academy School for a short time numbered him among its pupils; but this he left to study under Mr (now Sir) E. J. Poynter, at the Slade School. Always of a retiring and sensitive disposition, he never was a popular painter; and, caring but little for public praise or blame, he was content to work quietly at his own ideals, happy in a small circle of friends and admirers, who loved both the man and his art. His appearance at exhibitions was infrequent and irregular—indeed, it often happened that, seeking ever a more perfect interpretation of his conceptions, he failed to have his canvases ready in time for the exhibitions for which they were intended. A reticent, shy, silent man, loving music, children, and flowers, his spirit attuned to the most delicate appreciation of the beautiful in Nature and imagination, he worked to the end, in spite of chronic ill-health, with steadfast courage; and when he died in 1890, he left behind him a series of pictures full of a delight in beauty for beauty's sake, full of a distinctive poetic quality, and noticeable for a charm of colour that is evident in all his work, either in landscape or in figure painting.

In his landscapes there is a certain idyllic feeling which has been said to recall Mason: trees he loved, the grandeur and variety of their forms appealed to him, and he depicted inimitably "the sunned spaces of grassy glades seen through and under the trees, and steep grassy slopes in sunshine or shadow, and the wild tangle

GEORGE WILSON

ASIA

of long grass and weeds and flowers." Such landscapes are fit settings for the beautiful visions of old. Dryads and Oreads would seem to haunt such mellow valleys; and the highest manifestations of Wilson's genius are those works in which he employs a delightful poetic landscape as a background for some ideal figure. Two very typical and lovely examples are the magnificent vision of *Asia*, from Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," and the equally fine *Alastor*, inspired by the same poet's work. The last picture has been thus described: "The *Alastor*, exhibited many years ago at the Academy, represents the Poet of Shelley's poem as he comes to the lonely spot in the woods where he is to die at moonrise. He puts aside the branches of the thicket, through which he has to force his way, with his right hand, peering through them with wistful, melancholy eyes, while with his left he presses his scanty drapery to his breast, as though his heart itself were a wound. The last faint afterglow of sunset is seen through the trees above his head, and a single white moth, disturbed by his coming, flutters away by his left shoulder. A few withered leaves, whose brown tints are of great value in the scheme of colour, mark the time as late autumn. The likeness of the poet's face to the well-known portrait of Shelley will be evident to everyone. In this exquisite picture Wilson has embodied the very spirit of Shelley's poem—the spirit of solitude. It is genius making its way alone through the wilderness of the world. This is one of the most perfectly finished of his pictures. The figure is a masterpiece of expression; and the lovely branch drawing is at once true to Nature and subtly composed; as a piece of rich and delicate colour, it is beyond praise; and the whole has a haunting intensity, yet is full of that decorative quality which runs like music through all this painter's work."

One can but wish that the large picture to illustrate Keats' "La Belle Dame sans Merci" had been carried to completion. The mystic atmosphere of the poem, the dim land of fantasy, lit by the light that never was on sea or land: what artist could have rendered these for us with half the sympathetic power of Wilson? But, diffident of his own work, and impatient of some little lack of success in attaining his ideal, he destroyed the canvas. It was this constant seeking after further perfection, a dissatisfaction with what had already been achieved, that caused some of the blemishes in his pictures—faults of drawing, for instance, and a certain lack of freedom, produced by working and re-working in an attempt to get the exact pose of the figure, the precise gesture which would best express the ideal he had before him. That he was really a fine and reverent draughtsman of the figure is evident from the preliminary studies for his pictures; and it is a great pity that his strenuous endeavours after a more perfect accomplishment should have resulted (as it must be admitted that they sometimes did) in some slight lack of spontaneity.

In conclusion, it may be again noted that throughout the work of George Wilson the atmosphere is essentially ethereal. The rare air is that of a poet's world, the sun-bathed Arcadia of nymph and faun, the mystic land of faërie; but the air is the open air, and not the perfumed incense-laden breeze, that haunts the mind when one thinks of Rossetti's superb conceptions, or Solomon's mystically sensuous visions. He dreamed of beauty, and he painted poems because he lived in them; and though he may not have been a painter of the highest rank, though strength may not be the keynote of his art, the world would have been the poorer lacking his exquisite work.

THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE

## CHAPTER VIII

# PRE-RAPHAELISM AS A PERMANENT INFLUENCE, I.:

### ARTHUR HUGHES
### NOEL PATON

IT seems to be the fate of many a painter, if he has not the faculty of self-advertisement, to be ignored even by those who might be supposed to know and to care about the only genuine art—the art which is individual and spontaneous. How few people, in spite of the recent revival of interest in the Pre-Raphaelite artists, know the work of Arthur Hughes; and yet he is one of the most sincere and delightful of the painters who work in England to-day. Too retiring in his disposition, he has been content to work quietly, while artists with not one-half his charm and ability have risen to popular success; and though one may sympathise with an artist whose mood of mind and work is so little self-assertive, one sympathises also with his hard fortune in lacking the meed of attention and praise that surely should be his. Born in 1830, he was quite a lad in 1848 at the foundation of the Brotherhood, and was never an actual member; but being then and later intimately associated with Millais, the Rossettis, Collins, Morris, and others of the group, he became imbued with the same spirit, and he has ever since been one of the most consistent of their disciples. His beautiful *Ophelia*, showing the forlorn maiden sitting distraught beside the

fateful brook, is original and pathetic; and the *Silver and Gold*, reproduced in these pages, is a very typical example of his tender and gracious art, in which the natural tints of the scene fall in with certain little strangenesses of colour which the artist sometimes permits himself. *The Eve of St. Agnes* was another important work, a triptych illustrating Keat's beautiful poem; and of *April Love* Ruskin said: "Exquisite in every way: lovely in colour, most subtle in the quivering expression of the lips, and the sweetness of the tender face, shaken like a leaf by winds upon its dew, and hesitating back into peace."

Throughout all his art appeal is made to a delicate and refined sense of beauty (and this may be to some extent the cause of his lack of reputation); and in *Good Night* (a companion picture to *Silver and Gold*) and *Home from Sea*, this appeal is evident. The first shows a sweet maiden looking at us over her shoulder with a pair of very lovely blue eyes, and scattering flowers from the hood of her cloak as she goes bedward. The other, *Home from Sea*, which was shown at the Royal Academy in 1863, is full of simple pathos. It represents a sailor lad who has come home from sea to find some loved relation dead; and he is in the quiet village churchyard with his sister, a gentle girl in black. Her sorrow has been tempered by time, for long grass waves upon the grave; but his comes fresh, and in its terrible poignancy he has flung himself into an attitude of bitter anguish, and as the girl kneels tranquil and resigned, he is lying on his face, abandoned to his grief. This work was followed by *The Lost Child*, *Springtide*, and *The Guarded Bower*; and many other pictures of religious or romantic inspiration from that date to the present have been shown at the Academy, the Grosvenor, and other galleries. But the vagaries of artistic reputation

SILVER AND GOLD

APRIL LOVE

are strange in England, and Arthur Hughes, true artist and true Pre-Raphaelite, has suffered more than most men from lack of appreciation. Always sweet, always wholesome, his work shows delicacy of feature, purity of colour, truth of texture, poetic fancy. He rarely seems to aim at dramatic force. It has been said that there are mannerisms of composition and colour in his work, and strength and power are alien to his art; but the more his pictures are seen, the stronger is the affection they inspire. There is a sweetness and gentle grace in the subjects, and a pleasing artistry in the accomplishment, that speak for themselves. Why his name is so seldom mentioned, and why his works lack the esteem that is their undoubted due, who shall say?

Graceful and delicate fancy is also the characteristic of the art of Sir Noel Paton, who, intimately associated at one time with Millais, was much impressed with the work that the Pre-Raphaelites were doing; so that, agreeing with them as to the greater portion of the theories they endeavoured to act up to, he consistently emulated their achievements. Throughout a long life (he was born at Dunfermline in 1821) the influence of the movement has been obvious in his work; and whether in the religious pictures of later years, or the delightful fairy canvases of his earlier period, loving care and study are evident on every hand. It was in 1842-43 that Noel Paton came to London and worked at the Academy Schools, but this was for quite a short time; and indeed, both before and after that date, the artist's systematic training was very slight, and ideas came too thick and fast, perhaps, and clamoured for expression before the artist's technical accomplishments were adequate. Endowed with the Celtic vividness of imagination, it was no wonder that he was attracted in his choice of subjects by the wild legends of the North,

and by the charms of the realms of faërie. Gifted on the other hand with an intensely thoughtful and religious spirit, he has produced many very striking pictures displaying notable allegorical conceptions, and deeply devotional inspirations. As well as these, the artist has painted a few pictures, such as the *Home* of 1856 and the *In Memoriam* of two years later, which come within another category, and may be said to be purely Pre-Raphaelite, both in idea and execution. *Home* is a beautifully-painted and deeply touching picture, which shows the meeting of a guardsman with his wife and mother on his return from the Crimea, the terrible tale of the privations and sufferings of the campaign being told in the soldier's face. *In Memoriam* is a scene from the Indian Mutiny—the interior of a dungeon where captive white women and children are confined, expecting the nameless horrors of a cruel death, when they are released by the Highlanders who burst into the prison. *Dawn: Luther at Erfurt* dates from 1861, and is a thoroughly sound piece of painting, colour and modelling being equally noteworthy. Highly wrought, brilliant and vivacious, it is a very remarkable work: "On the right of the picture is a massive golden crucifix, the emblem of time on the one side of it and of mortality on the other, above is the open window admitting the fresh incoming day, the dawning light of which quenches the lamp that hangs near it, and falls upon the hooded monk in his study of the Holy Book, symbolising the dawn of that light which he was to herald in by the Reformation." It may be interesting to add to this description that the face of Luther is based on an authentic contemporary portrait of the great reformer.

Sir Noel Paton's pictures of fantasy or diablerie, which it has been said have been painted by the artist as a relaxation from the strain of the execution of his religious

SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A.

THE BLUIDIE TRYSTE

DAWN—LUTHER AT ERFURT

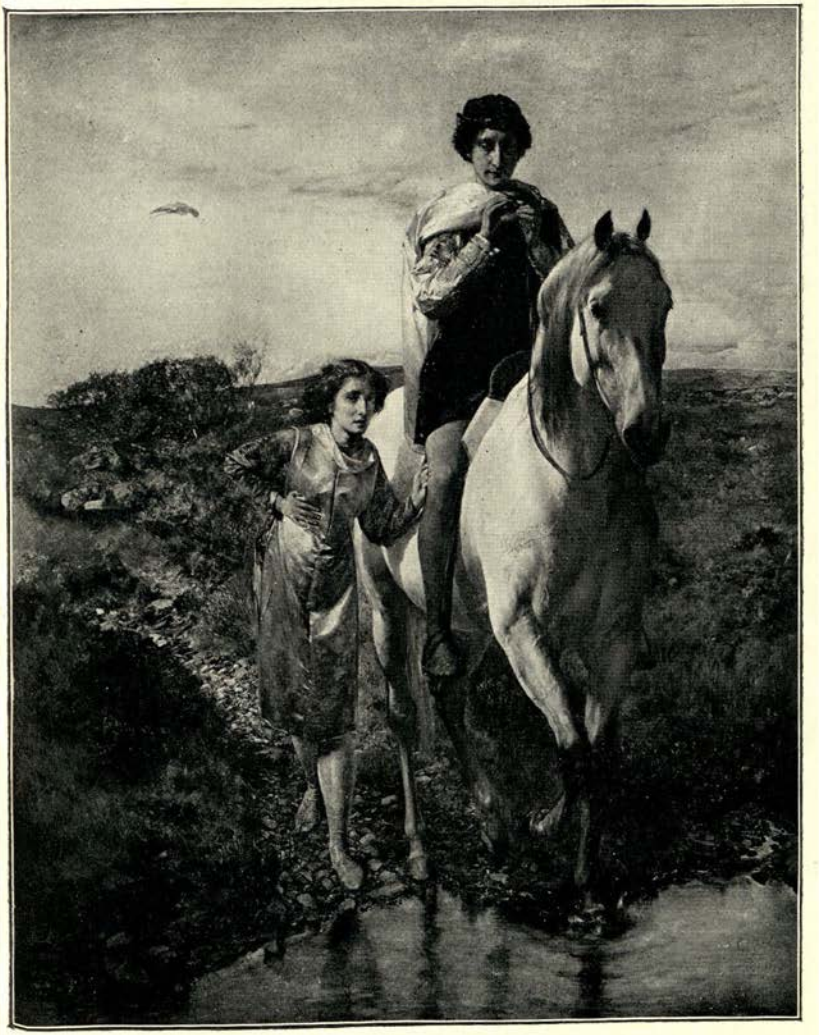
works, are replete with charm; full of insight into the graceful and delicate imagining of a great poet, as in the pictures from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," or imbued with a sympathetic appreciation of the quaint folk-lore of a primitive people, as in *The Fairy Raid.* This last picture, which is a very elaborate piece of painting, is one of the best he ever executed, and it is marked by an opulence of imagination and a completeness of realisation that show the mind of the poet as well as the hand of the artist. He has painted a moonlit landscape on Midsummer Eve, and the long cavalcade of the fairy queen bearing away a changeling, a sweet human child. Elf, fairy, gnome, and sprite are all there, peering between the massive trunks of the trees, gliding among and hovering over the flowers and fungi that form the undergrowth, and in the cold moonlight the distant forms of grey Druidic stones stand stark. With these works of poetic inspiration should be mentioned those others which owe their origin to some legend of the days of old, such as *The Dowie Dens of Yarrow*, *Barthram's Dirge*, *The Bluidie Tryste*, and *Lancelot and Guinevere*; and whether the subject is drawn from old tradition or the realms of pure fancy, it is evident that the artist's mind is thoroughly attuned to his theme.

Of his pictures of religious or allegorical significance, there is perhaps not so much to say; and, though more popular and more widely known than the other works which have been alluded to, these homilies in pigment are not the highest manifestations of the artist's talents. *Vigilate et Orate*, which was painted for Her Majesty Queen Victoria, is one of the best and most typical of these works, and shows the scene at the coming of dawn in the garden of Gethsemane, when Christ, returning after his hour of trial, finds the three disciples asleep, despite his injunction to watch and pray. Other works of the same class are

*Satan watching the Sleep of Christ*, *The Man of Sorrows*, and *Vade Satana*; and though the sentiment of the whole series is above reproach, still one is not moved as one should be by great religious art; they are the work of a man of profoundly reverent mind, but they cannot be said to be sublime masterpieces; they are not inspired, the artist does not give us an adequate conception of the face of Christ; in short, the whole task is one to tax genius to its utmost, and Sir Noel Paton can scarcely be said to have risen to the occasion. The less ambitious efforts such as *Mors Janua Vitæ*, and *The Man with the Muck-rake*, are much more successful; they are frankly allegories, and they appeal to the spectator both from the literary aspect and from many painter-like qualities of technique.

Many honours have fallen to Sir Noel Paton. The knighthood he received in 1866 might have been followed in 1891, had he wished it, by the Presidency of the Royal Scottish Academy, of which body he became an associate in 1847; but private reasons prevented his becoming a candidate. Prolific throughout a long life, he has produced, in addition to his painting, book illustrations, works of sculpture, and volumes of poems; a fine draughtsman, and gifted with imaginative and poetic force of a very high order, as a colorist he is not so great, a defect possibly due to his lack of early training; and his true power shows itself in his pictures from the realms of fancy, wholly delightful presentations of myth and legend (and, perhaps in a less degree, in his vividly-presented pictorial allegories), rather than in his more ambitious and less successfully realised religious conceptions.

W. L. WINDUS



BURD HELEN

BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

## CHAPTER IX

# PRE-RAPHAELISM AS A PERMANENT INFLUENCE, II.:

CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS
WILLIAM MORRIS
W. S. BURTON
W. LINDSAY WINDUS
MATTHEW JAMES LAWLESS
ROBERT MARTINEAU
W. J. WEBBE

THERE are many artists of the Pre-Raphaelite school who are almost unknown outside the small circle of students of this phase of English art, and to many even of those who believe that it was to the Brotherhood and their followers that we owe the inspiring influence that has permeated and vivified the dry bones of our national art, and who know well the work of Millais and Madox Brown, of Sandys and Burne-Jones, the art of such men as Windus and Burton is but little known. All the pictures painted by the men whose names head this chapter could be contained in a very small gallery. Some curious fatality would seem to have attended them, and it has been their fate to exhibit but scantily the power that they possessed. An early death in the case of Lawless, Collins, and Martineau, prevented the full fruitage of their ability. The victims of adverse circumstances and private griefs, Burton and Windus have had but little heart these many years to paint. And the

genius of William Morris showed itself not in pictorial art, but in the many and diverse forms of decorative beauty that will be ever associated with his name. Unlike the artists who will be alluded to in the succeeding chapter, and with whom Pre-Raphaelism was but a passing phase of longer or shorter duration, in the minds of these men it was a strong and permanent conviction that prompted their endeavour after sincerity, and their abhorrence of pictorial artifice and convention; and throughout all their work the same principles were consistently acted upon. It matters not whether, as with Charles Collins, the rich colour and masterly technique of Millais were the fountain of inspiration, or whether, as with Robert Martineau, the unflinching and patient realism of Holman Hunt appealed to the follower's mind; the seed, from whatever source it came, fell upon fruitful ground. It is true that the inception of the practical protest against what they considered bad art was not due to them, they did not lead in the van of the revolt; still, despite the fact that the sum-total of their accomplishment is small, they painted pictures with many remarkable qualities, and it is time that the extent of their achievement should be recognised.

Charles Allston Collins was the son of William Collins, R.A., and the brother of Wilkie Collins, and was much attracted, as has been said, by the work of Millais, in whose style he painted. The picture of *The Pedlar*, here reproduced, gives an adequate idea of his art, and though he was not a great painter, the tendency to stiffness which mars such work of his as *Convent Thoughts* and *A Girl with Flowers* may fairly be considered a mark of immaturity which in time he might have overcome, had he not practically abandoned painting and turned his attention to literature some time before his early death. Which his real *métier* was, and whether, with his inherited

CHARLES A. COLLINS

CONVENT THOUGHTS

THE PEDLAR

*By permission of the Corporation of Manchester*

artistic talent, he might not have ultimately produced much finer work, it would be futile now to inquire.

William Morris used but rarely to express his feeling for the beautiful in pictorial guise, and it may be that we owe him more as the originator of a true decorative art (using the word in its widest sense) of a very original and satisfying kind, than we should if he had turned his attention to the production of pictures instead of magnificent tapestries and superb stained glass. At the same time, the very charming *Queen Guenevere* makes one wish that he had spared a little more time from his labours as a craftsman to devote it to more purely creative work. This picture shows a minstrel playing on a lute, while the Queen stands before her toilet table putting on her girdle; she wears a white dress with pink embroidery and red sleeves, and a wreath of flowers adorns her head. The whole work evinces much power and facility, together with a feeling for rich and strong colour, while there is an individual poetic quality to be seen in it, akin to, but distinct from, the note that marks the earlier pictures of Rossetti.

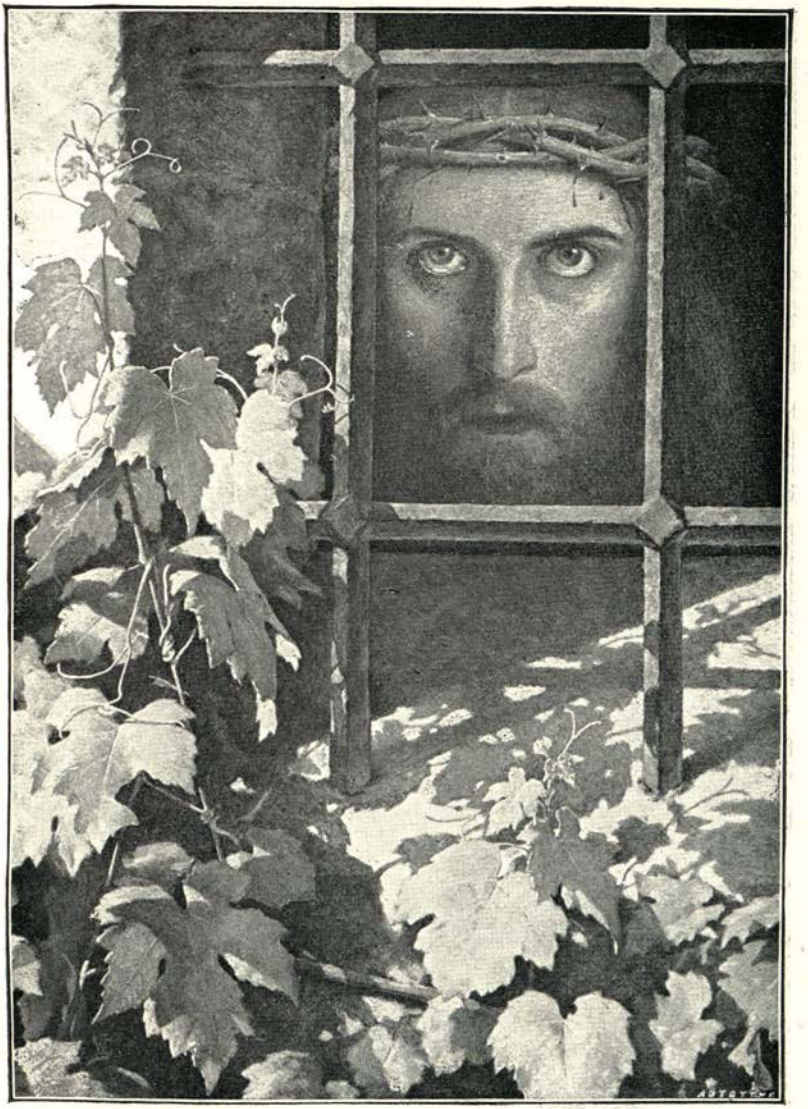
An almost forgotten artist of singular power and originality is W. S. Burton, whose great picture *The Wounded Cavalier* has seemed to many one of the finest works ever painted in England under the Pre-Raphaelite influence. That he has painted so little is a matter for very keen regret, and all lovers of sincere and original work will rejoice to know that though for many years he produced next to nothing, he has resumed the practice of his art, and is now again exhibiting pictures which are thoroughly characteristic of the man and his creed. Contemptuous of all pictorial artifice, and scorning all artistic trickery, he bade fair in his early days to rise to very great heights; but adverse fortune and ill-health have been his lot, while private sorrows and lack of

recognition have saddened him. He was a student at the Royal Academy Schools, where he won the gold medal for historical painting; and when he was only twenty-six years of age *The Wounded Cavalier* (which was first shown at the Academy in 1856) excited considerable attention, not only from the character of the picture, but because it was catalogued without title or artist's name, a mystery which has only just been elucidated by the painter himself. This remarkable work, which hung on the line, next to Holman Hunt's *Scapegoat*, may be taken as crystallising the artist's practice and principles at that time, principles that he has consistently adhered to. The subject is a Cavalier whose despatches have been stolen from him as he journeyed through a wood, while he, sorely wounded, has been left to die, until later a Puritan and his lady pass by, and the latter stops to tend the wounded man, while her jealous lover looks sourly on. The desperate plight of the Cavalier is shown in his death-like countenance, while the pitiful face of the Puritan maiden, which is full of charm, strong, yet tender and replete with compassion, may be compared with the face of the lady in *The Proscribed Royalist*—the anxious glance of eyes that have wept, depicted by Millais in such masterly fashion. Altogether this is a superb picture, full of dramatic vigour and fine in colour, and both strong and refined in drawing, while the technique is marvellous, and the master's hand is seen in the way in which all hardness is avoided, although the lichen on the tree trunks, the spider's web, the broken sword, the bracken, and the other details generally, are painted with most minute fidelity and precision.

Later works by W. S. Burton were *A London Magdelen*, *The Angel of Death*, and *William Tell's Son*; while still more recently the artist has exhibited *Faithful unto Death*, and *The King of Sorrows*. The former work shows the

THE WOUNDED CAVALIER

W. S. BURTON



THE WORLD'S GRATITUDE

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

victim of an *auto-da-fé* clothed in the horrid robes that mark the recalcitrant heretic, about to be crowned by a monk with the mitre head-dress worn in the procession by those about to suffer martyrdom, and is a very noteworthy picture, as strong in drawing as in sentiment. Even more beautiful is the small work, *The World's Gratitude*, a picture of the finest quality, which shows the sad questioning face of Christ behind prison bars: this may fairly be said to be one of the very few entirely successful faces of the Saviour in recent art—the aspect of superhuman knowledge is there, as well as the human and tender sorrow for the world that knows him, but keeps him barred away while it goes about its business. Some works of Burton's have perished, others have never been carried to completion, so severe is his self-criticism; and though it is possible that we may be able to welcome in the future other pictures of religious inspiration from this artist, it is lamentable to think of the many unpainted masterpieces we might have had from his brush during the prime of his manhood, had not fate willed otherwise. The few pictures we have are evidence of ability of a very high order indeed, as delicate in handling as they are strong in drawing, as original in their conception as they are sincere in execution; and we can ill spare the accomplished work of such an artist, honest both as a man and a painter, and entirely contemptuous and intolerant of all shams and trickeries.

An almost exactly parallel career is that of William Lindsay Windus, a Liverpool artist, who at one time attracted considerable notice by his sound and refined work. He painted subjects of sentiment, *Burd Helen* and *Too Late*, for example in a thoroughly Pre-Raphaelite manner; and also pseudo-historical subjects somewhat after the style of Cattermole, of which *The Surgeon's Daughter* is an example. But suddenly, owing, it is said, to a great

sorrow, he left off painting, and nothing was seen of his work till, in 1896, the New English Art Club startled the picture loving public, who had thought Windus dead, by showing three unfinished works of his on their walls. What the veteran Pre-Raphaelite was doing in that gallery was a question not easy to answer, but the little pictures, incomplete as they were, were gems of their kind. Living retired from the world, he has not sought public notice, and, as in the case of W. S. Burton, to look for a typical example of his work one must go back to the earlier years of his artistic career. *Too Late* was painted in 1858, and represents a poor girl in the last stage of consumption whose lover had gone away, to return at last, led by a little child, when it was "too late." Madox Brown said of this work: "The expression of the dying face is quite sufficient—no other explanation is needed." The subject of *Burd Helen*, painted two years earlier, was taken from the old Scottish ballad of the girl who ran by the side of her faithless lover's horse while he rode, and swam the Clyde, rather than he should escape. Ruskin's remarks on this picture are entirely true. He says: "The work is thoughtful and intense in the highest degree. The pressure of the girl's hand on her side, her wild, firm, desolate look at the stream—she not raising her eyes as she makes her appeal, for fear of the greater mercilessness in the human look than in the glaze of the gliding water —the just choice of the type of the rider's cruel face, and of the scene itself, so terrible in haggardness of rattling stones and ragged heath, are all marks of the actions of the very grandest imaginative power, shortened only of hold upon our feelings because dealing with a subject too fearful to be for a moment believed true." Windus's works are few; *The Young Duke*, *The Outlaw*, and the very beautiful little drawing entitled *The Flight of Henry VI. after Towton* have been seen at loan

W. L. WINDUS

TOO LATE

THE SICK CALL

A TOPER

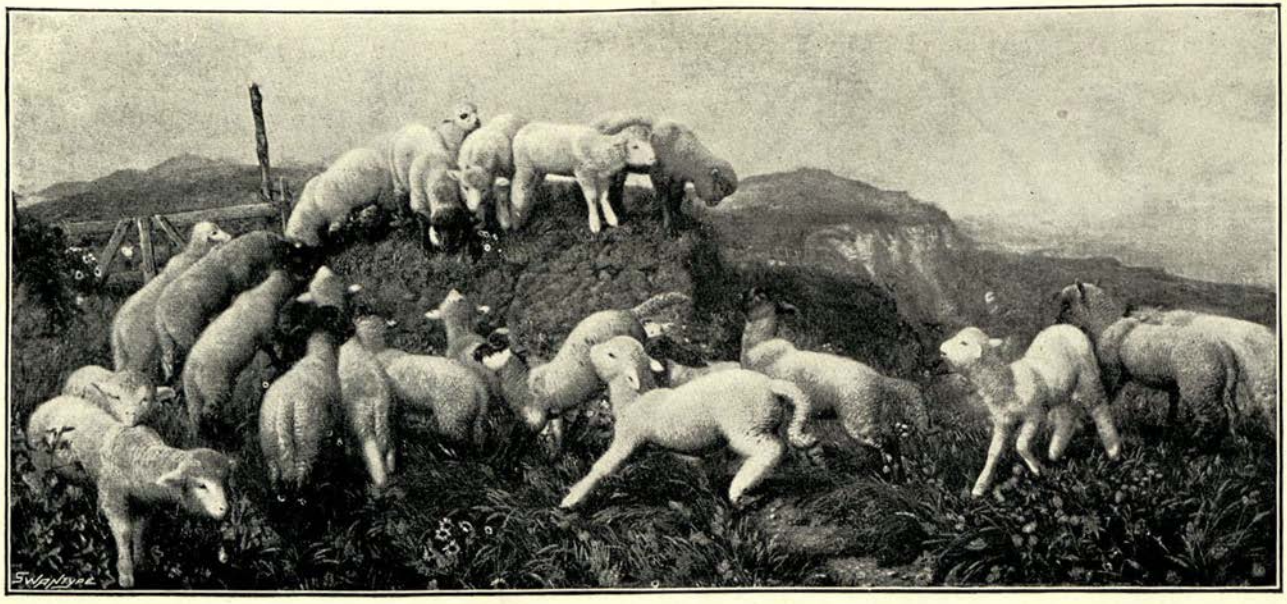
exhibitions in recent years; but is it too much to hope that he may yet give us more pictures as strong and masculine, as full of enthusiasm and refinement as those that have been alluded to?

Matthew James Lawless, who was born at Dublin in 1837, died too young to have ever shown to the full his artistic powers. He went during his pupilage to various art schools in London, finally studying under Henry O'Neil, R.A., and though hampered by deafness and constant ill-health, he produced during his short life book illustrations (for *The Cornhill Magazine*, *Once a Week* and kindred publications) of a very high order; and after trying various styles, he seemed to be settling down into an individual method, when consumption claimed him as its victim, and he died in 1864. The picture in which he really showed his power was *The Sick Call*, exhibited at the Royal Academy the year before he died. It represents a scene in the waning light of evening—a priest who is crossing a river in a boat, taking the host to render the last offices to a dying person, and accompanied by his white-robed acolytes, and the weeping woman who has fetched him; while the towers and spires of the town on the river bank rise clear into the still air. This is a picture full of quiet feeling and gentle charm, simple and refined in the highest degree, and, had he lived, there is no doubt that Lawless would have produced still more noteworthy work. As it is, his reputation is deservedly high.

A brief allusion to two artists who were much influenced in their work by that of Holman Hunt must close this section. One of these was W. J. Webbe, whose very pleasing little picture of *Lambs at Play* might almost be taken for the work of the artist of *The Strayed Sheep* himself. The other was a painter whose early death was a distinct loss to art—Robert Martineau. Martineau's

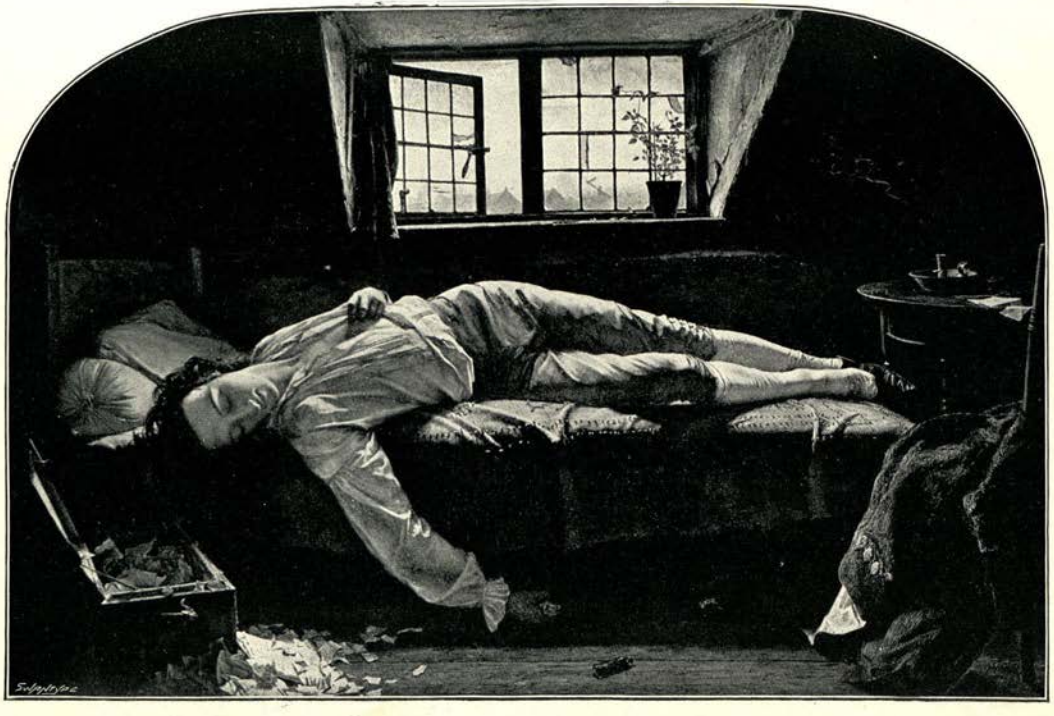
work at one time attracted considerable attention; to-day he is almost forgotten; but his painting approaches his master's very closely in quality and technique. He painted very slowly and conscientiously, and only produced three or four pictures of importance before he died. *The Lesson*, a picture illustrating a scene in Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop," *Katharina and Petruchio*, and *The Last Day in the Old Home*, are good examples of his patient and laborious skill; and the last, which is rather a large work, recently acquired by the National Gallery of British art, is reproduced in these pages.

W. J. WEBBE



LAMBS AT PLAY

THE LAST DAY IN THE OLD HOME



CHATTERTON

BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

## CHAPTER X

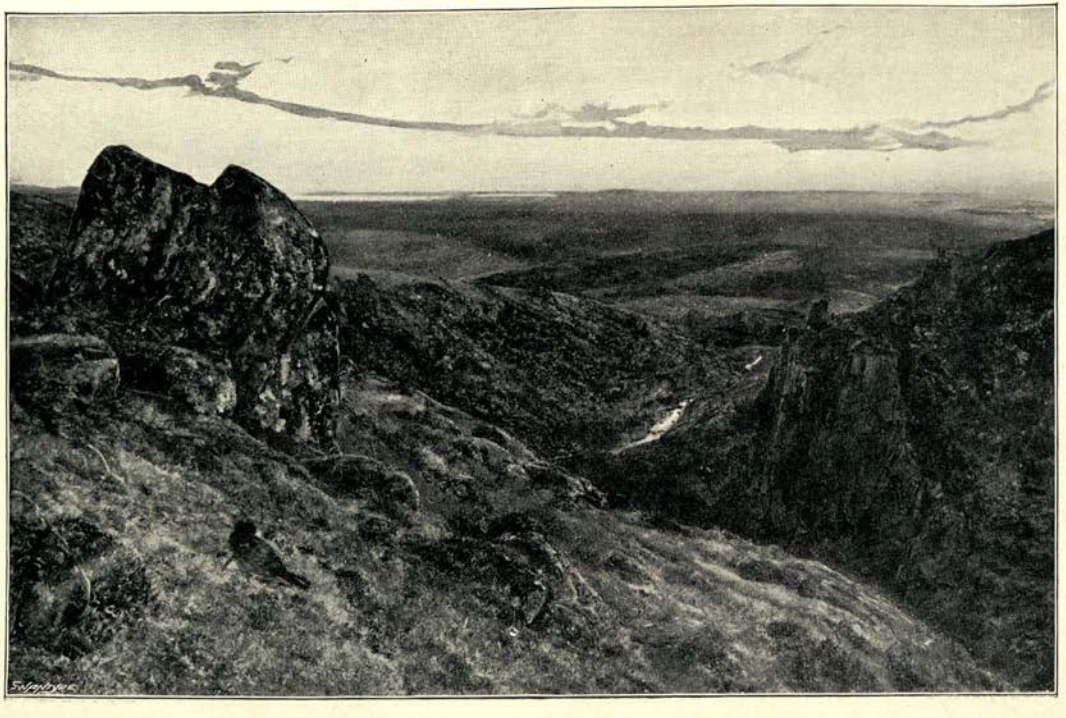
# PRE-RAPHAELISM AS A PHASE:

HENRY WALLIS
JOHN BRETT
HENRY MOORE
G. D. LESLIE
G. A. STOREY
VAL PRINSEP
J. D. WATSON
P. H. CALDERON
W. FETTES DOUGLAS
HUGH CAMERON
WILLIAM M'TAGGART
JAMES TISSOT
J. F. LEWIS

UNDOUBTEDLY, Pre-Raphaelism in the fifties and sixties was a living and moving force of no mean order, and many an artist succumbed for a longer or a shorter time to its influence. To some of them to-day, it is a matter for a sort of half-tolerant joke, an episode in a career to be somewhat ashamed of; others recognise frankly, that if from one cause or another it was an impracticable gospel, still, its power was distinctly for good. It tended to overthrow the mawkish mediocrity that was almost entirely usurping the field of art; while it substituted an ideal that at least had the merit of honesty and spontaneity, a desire to be original and not the product of a workshop for the manufacture of painters, and a gospel that said, "not failure but low aim is crime." Such a crusade against crusted prejudices needs enthusiasm to embark upon it, and strong convictions to carry it on, and enthusiasts are not always judicious. They are just as prone to excess in the field of art as elsewhere; still, progress does not come of half-hearted-

ness, and one can forgive many crudities of expression for the sake of the honesty of the aim, aud many errors may be overlooked in the preacher when the doctrine smacks of truth. If there had been no necessity for the reaction, it would not have existed, not to say, succeeded; and though the first efforts of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and their *entourage* provoked scorn and laughter from the public and the critics, many artists saw that there was something in the movement. They learnt one lesson, to go to Nature, and copy her details as stepping-stones to her greater truths; they learnt, too, the value of imagination as a factor in art, and the young artists who banded themselves together in that Brotherhood initiated a movement which was in a great measure the salvation of English art.

To-day there are too many "movements," and such an agitation as the Pre-Raphaelites started would attract little, if any, attention. In the stagnant state of the arts at the period spoken of, it was as the troubling of the waters, and there was healing in the troubling. At that time, the elderly Gandishes who believed in "history painting" and the "grand style," and who also believed that the acquisition of this "grand style" was a matter of teaching, of rule and method, were, of course, aghast at the militant enthusiasm for quite other ideals and doctrines displayed by the small band of brothers; but, of the younger men, many were quick to discern that many forgotten truths lay behind the immature expressions of their creed achieved by these as yet imperfectly trained artists. Later, when the seed sown in the minds of the original Pre-Raphaelites blossomed into the full flower of such work as *The Proscribed Royalist*, and *The Last of England*, and the other masterpieces of the next decade, many painters who either fell under the personal influence of the Pre-



LANDSCAPE—THE DEWAR STONE, DARTMOOR

Raphaelites and their associates, or whose minds responded to the ideals that they set before them, bestirred themselves, and also honestly endeavoured to put the best that was in them into the work that they did. They saw that a paucity of flimsy ideas and a few rules of thumb were not the equipment with which to produce great art, and they recognised that technical skill must be allied to dignity, or, at any rate, honesty of conception, if a picture is to be anything more than a piece of mere craftsmanship, of uninspired manipulative ability.

As has been said, with some artists the Pre-Raphaelite phase was but a momentary mood, the result of an impression that was far from permanent; with others, the mental result has been more lasting, though their later work has ceased to partake of the definite character which is associated with the term Pre-Raphaelite. In some cases, too, the painter's individual aims and ideals have been quite other than those animating the original members of the Brotherhood; and in many instances artists have outgrown the manipulative practice that is exemplified in the work of Holman Hunt and Strudwick, and the laborious care bestowed upon the pictures of early years falls into place as part of the student's curriculum, and is abandoned after having served its purpose in the attainment of a mastery of technical methods. It would be folly to impugn an artist's right to paint in the way that pleases him best, his duty to himself is to express his own creed in his own way; but the fact that the Pre-Raphaelite phase can be seen in the careers of so many painters is interesting, because it is an additional proof of the strength and extent of the influence exerted on contemporary art by the school—an influence so far-reaching, indeed, that its traces can be noted in the work of many painters who never were in any way ostensible followers of the Brotherhood, but who

yet recognised the essential truth of the creed its members advocated.

In this section, necessarily a brief one, it would be impossible to attempt any account of the careers of the various artists who have been spoken of above in general terms; all that can be given is a note on some of the pictures from their easels painted under Pre-Raphaelite influence. Much of the work of Henry Wallis betrays this influence, and the beautiful *Chatterton*, as well as *The Return from Marston Moor* and *Marten at Chepstow Castle*, are examples of very sincere and delightful art. Of the first of these Ruskin said that it was "Faultless and wonderful; a most noble example of the great school. Examine it well, inch by inch; it is one of the pictures which intend and accomplish the entire placing before your eyes of an actual fact—and that a solemn one." The enthusiasm of the same critic was also roused by *The Stonebreaker*, by John Brett, now A.R.A., and his words may fitly be quoted in this connection. He said, "I know no such thistledown, no such chalk hills and elm trees, no such natural pieces of far-away cloud. . . . The composition is palpably crude, and wrong in many ways, especially in the awkward little white cloud at the top, and the tone of the whole is a little too much as if some of the chalk of the flints had been mixed with the colours. For all that it is a marvellous picture, and may be examined inch by inch with delight." This painter's pictures still show more than a trace of his early enthusiasm, and the beautiful seascapes that he has accustomed us to expect year after year are full of most searching and careful work, full, too, of the love and reverence for Nature that was one of the guiding stars of the schools. It is curious to note that both our great sea-painters of this generation passed through a Pre-Raphaelite period, for the small example of Henry

VIEW NEAR HALE

DANTE'S LEAH

G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

THE ANNUNCIATION

Moore's work reproduced in these pages is thoroughly in accord with the principles of the Brotherhood. But John Brett did what few ventured to do, he carried the tenets of the Pre-Raphaelites into the painting of landscapes—a task of enormous difficulty—and those who have seen his *Val d'Aosta* know how successfully, this marvellous landscape being a veritable *tour-de-force*, indeed a thing almost unique. It is curious to note, when one comes to consider, how few painters have succumbed to the influence of the school in depicting pure landscape; and yet Holman Hunt, in his *Hireling Shepherd*, showed once for all that their principles were as applicable to landscape art as to romantic figure pictures. One thinks of J. W. Inchbold, of Thomas Seddon, of William Davis, of Waller Paton, R.S.A., and the list is closed of those who have painted landscapes face to face with Nature, and painted them with the elaborate fidelity demanded by the Pre-Raphaelite tenets. Perhaps the remark of the critic who stigmatised the latter as "the Coryphæus of the Chinese school" has deterred our younger artists from attempting the same thing.

The early work of three other present members of the Royal Academy must also be alluded to in this chapter —G. D. Leslie, Val Prinsep, and G. A. Storey. They were noble dreams that inspired such a picture as Leslie's *Dante's Leah*, and no artist was ever the worse for the intellectual effort that prompted him to begin, and enabled him to execute, work of such quality. Poetically conceived, and beautifully wrought, such a picture lingers in the memory; and a similar intensity of feeling marks such pictures by G. A. Storey as *The Annunciation*, *A Song of the Past*, and *The Burial of the Bride.* The rich colour and close technique of these beautiful works betray the artist's admiration of the earlier pictures of

Millais, and though this phase of inspiration has passed, the painter's canvases show to-day that the influence was, in his case, by no means an ephemeral one. Side by side with these we may class Val Prinsep's *Bianca Capello*, and *Whispering Tongues can Poison Truth*, and the other pictures painted under the direct personal inspiration of Rossetti; and these pictures are by no means the worst that the versatile artist has produced—clear, sharp painting and graceful composition are their characteristics, as well as a very real and poetic imagination. The same qualities are apparent in the work of another artist of this group, and such pictures as J. D. Watson's *Bubbles*, and *The Garden Seat*, painted in 1856 and 1858 respectively, as well as the same artist's woodcut designs of about this date, are full of delicate feeling and fancy, and really call for more than the passing allusion permitted here by the exigencies of space. There are in connection with this group of artists, two other painters who must be mentioned as having been attracted by the work of the Pre-Raphaelites—H. W. B. Davis, R.A., whose earlier landscapes are strongly influenced by the tenets of the Brethren and their associates, and the late Philip Calderon, R.A. Once, at least, the latter artist, moved by the prevalent excitement, painted in the style they advocated and practised; *Broken Vows*, the work in question, was highly successful when it was exhibited in 1857, and although with this painter the phase was but a passing one of short duration, this picture, and the success attending it, afford another piece of evidence as to the working of the leaven in the minds both of artists and public.

The late J. M. Gray, the scholarly keeper of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, once made a suggestive remark as to the unnoticed extent to which Pre-Raphaelite influence had affected the work of Scottish painters. Apart

*" Whispering tongues can poison truth,*
*And to be wrath with one we've loved,*
*Doth work like poison on the brain"*

SIR W. FETTES DOUGLAS, P.R.S.A.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP, ROME

SIR W. FETTES DOUGLAS, P.R.S.A.

THE RECUSANT'S CONCEALMENT

from the pictures of Sir Noel Paton, already treated of, Pre-Raphaelism is strongly evident in the work of Sir William Fettes Douglas, P.R.S.A. As in the case of J. F. Lewis, it is not in the works of his youthful days that this phase of his artistic development may be traced, but rather in the period of his early maturity. Later, his works became analogous (like those of many other Scottish painters) to the genre pictures of the Dutch school, but for a long time, as Mr Gray observed, his pictures manifested "by their delicate and exquisitely refined finish, by their force of pure, lovely colouring, by their frequent quaintness of form and costume, and by the sometimes odd and segmental style of their composition a distinct affinity with the work of the English Pre-Raphaelites. His treatment of rustic child-life in *Little Dot*, *The Match-Seller*, and the large *Cottage Interior Borrowdale*, is analogous to that which we find in the class of works centrally represented by *The Blind Girl* of John Millais; and the more romantic and mediæval phase of Pre-Raphaelitism finds a kindred expression in paintings like *The Ruby Ring*, *The Tapestry Worker*, *The Spell*, and many others."

Again, in such Scottish pictures as *Going to the Hay*, by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A., one finds a work "as perfectly Pre-Raphaelite in the best sense of the word, as could be desired—full of the most delicate, finished, and sensitive expression of detail—not a single corner in the tender sprays of the briar-hedge is slurred over, not a spot is missed on the expanded wings of the butterfly, yet the whole is in right relation." Only a passing allusion can be made to the Arthurian subjects of James Archer, which re-echo the imaginative inspiration of his English confreres, and to the Pre-Raphaelite influence as expressed in the earlier work of Joseph Henderson; and the extraordinary divergence between the early and highly

wrought work of William M'Taggart, R.S.A., and his later superlatively loose and suggestive handling, can only be briefly spoken of here. No one who saw *The Thorn in the Foot* by the side of *The Storm*, or *When the Boats come in*, could believe that the same artist had painted them; but the extreme freedom and breadth of handling of M'Taggart's later work is, if not the result, at any rate the consequence, of a scrupulous exactitude and fidelity to the details of Nature in his earlier days. No doubt this painter's broad, free, and masterly style is the truer expression of his individuality; but it is curious to note how wide the difference is between his pictures admittedly painted under Pre-Raphaelite influence and those of to-day.

The influence of the school has extended by now beyond our own country, and is obviously apparent in the pictures of many Dutch, Belgian, and French artists; and although a consideration of the work of this Continental following cannot be undertaken here, allusion may be made to the work of a Frenchman, who practised so long in this country as to be legitimately included among English artists. The versatile and popular painter, James Tissot, at one time distinctly fell under the spell of the Brotherhood and their followers, and such pictures as *The Triumph of Will*, and *The Convalescent* are as Pre-Raphaelite, both in conception and execution, as may be; the flowers to which *The Convalescent* stretches out a weak hand might almost have bloomed in the garden of *Mariana* or the meadows of the *Hireling Shepherd*.

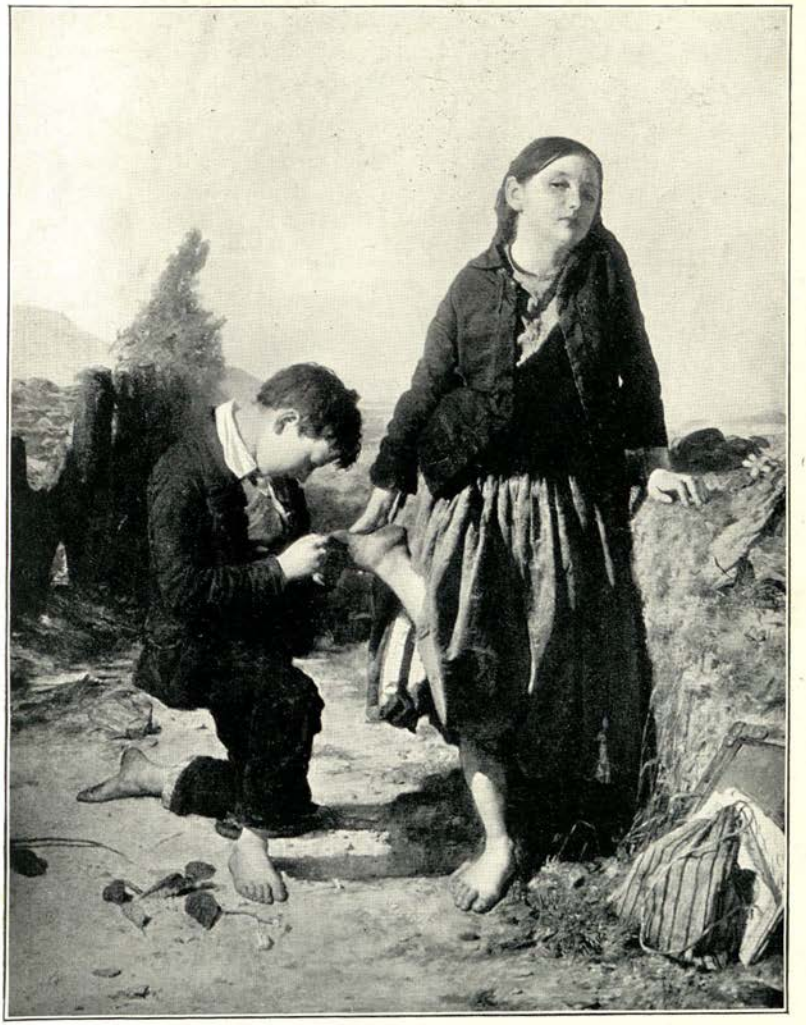
In the case of nearly all the artists alluded to thus briefly in this chapter, the tendency to Pre-Raphaelism was a youthful one, and, though its results are still more or less evident in their work, it has been ostensibly abandoned by all in later years. But the reverse was the case with another painter of note, John Frederick

GOING TO THE HAY

JOSEPH HENDERSON, R.S.W.

THE BALLAD

W. M'TAGGART, R.S.A.



THE THORN IN THE FOOT

THE CONVALESCENT

Lewis, R.A., who, though not of them, must still be placed beside the Pre-Raphaelite painters. Born in 1805, in his earlier years he was known as "Spanish Lewis," from the source of his artistic inspiration; but, at the age of forty-five, after many unproductive years spent in the East, he spontaneously developed a new style almost absolutely coincident as to date with the first manifestations of the Pre-Raphaelite spirit in the work of Millais and Holman Hunt, and almost identical as to manner. Extreme elaboration and complexity of drawing, splendid colour and breadth of effect, mark the superb work of this latest period; while, saturated through many years' residence in the East with the spirit of Orientalism, there is a richness and sumptuousness of effect shown throughout these pictures that place them in a class by themselves. His diploma picture, *The Door of a Café in Cairo*, is a good example of his art; even finer is the *Lilium Auratum*, which shows a richly attired Odalisque and her attendant in the garden of a hareem, the lady holding a costly vase with red and white roses in it, while the young girl, evidently amused at something, also carries flowers from the wilderness of lilies, poppies, pansies, and fuchsias, through which they have come to the rose-covered doorway of the garden. Other pictures by this painter, *The Doubtful Coin*, *The Turkish School*, *A Street Scene in Cairo*, *The Arab Scribe*, *The Hareem*, show the same richness and elaboration, the same daring juxtaposition of colour and skill in rendering textures, but in a brief epitome like this space forbids a full consideration of his art. It is true that his wonderful pictures, full of jewel-like colour and superb handling, call for more careful notice, but this brief account must suffice, although another allusion may perhaps be permitted in conclusion to the remarkable fact that, at the age of forty-five Lewis developed a new method, which he consistently practised

to the end, entirely akin to that evolved by the ardent youths who initiated the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

In closing this section it may be well, in consequence of the double meaning that is now unavoidably associated with the word Pre-Raphaelite, to point out a fact which is evident from the reproductions of the pictures described in the last two chapters—namely, that the paintings of the artists just treated of do not show as a whole, or in any marked degree, the dominance of the later work of Rossetti (as the pictures of Simeon Solomon and Burne-Jones admittedly do), but display very clearly the Pre-Raphaelite ideal as expressed by Millais and Holman Hunt. This, as has already been said, is the narrower and truer meaning of the term, and the works of these artists have been grouped together because they display the influence of the creed as originally enunciated and followed by the members of the Brotherhood; succeeding chapters will exhibit the other use of the word in dealing with the school initiated by Dante Rossetti and continued by Burne-Jones—a tradition of style rather than an artistic creed. This is a tradition that exists in connection with certain types of beauty, that implies poetry of conception and sumptuousness of presentment as shown in purely ideal works; the other was a doctrine which insisted upon absolute veracity and sincerity in the depiction of actualities, as an essential of living art.

LILIUM AURATUM

## CHAPTER XI

# PRE-RAPHAELITES AS DECORATORS:

### FREDERIC SHIELDS
### WALTER CRANE
### WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

RELIGIOUS subjects scarcely seem to have appealed to the majority of the Pre-Raphaelites in the same way that romantic and poetic conceptions did; but to one of them at least it has been as great a source of inspiration as to Sir Noel Paton. Frederic Shields, like Arthur Hughes, has been content to do his life's work in the quietest and most unassuming manner, so that few people know what the extent of that work is; a result due, perhaps, to the fact that in pictorial art, in the strictest sense of the word, he has done comparatively little, though as a decorator he takes very high rank. His illustrations to Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" showed marked power and originality, and that earnestness which has been the characteristic of his art as of his life from boyhood onwards. His first effort from the life, he says, was a portrait of his mother, done in "true Byzantine style," but it was long before he found his true vocation as a religious decorative designer; and while the very beautiful work that he has accomplished in the private chapels of Sir W. H. Houldsworth at Kilmarnock (illustrating *The Triumph of Faith*) and the Duke of Westminster at Eaton Hall (from the *Te Deum Laudamus*), in glass and mosaic, is but little known, the fine series of wall

decorations that adorn the chapel in the Bayswater Road are accessible to all, and by these the artist can be judged. The one that is illustrated in this volume is *Jonah*, in which the prophet, to quote the artist's own words, "appears as rising out of the jaws of the sea monster, which, turned upon its back, its life-blood gurgling from its nostrils, dies in the disgorgement of its prey, even as its great antitype, Christ Jesus, by submitting to be swallowed up, of death, destroyed 'him that had the power of death, that is, the devil.' The sea-weeds that make a chaplet about his brow allude to his own prayer: 'The depths closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head.'" The religious turn of this painter's mind is evinced by other works—*Christ and Peter*, *The Good Shepherd*, *Love and Time*, and *Solomon Eagle*, among others; the last subject taken from "Old St Paul's," being a sermon on the text "Arise, or be for ever fallen," and shows the half-demented enthusiast who, with his burning brazier, went through London during the great plague, denouncing the evil-doing of the people and exhorting them to repentance. Of Frederic Shields it has been well said that "he is an artist in every nerve; but he is much more." His own creed is that art demands sanctification, and that purity of heart and mind are essential to the production of noble results, and, added to this reverence of soul and sincerity of purpose, he possesses artistic powers of no mean order; the consequence is that, though all his life he has practised his art within certain narrow limits, within those self-set bounds his work, firm in drawing, exalted and vigorous in conception, is characteristic of the man.

Another decorator who must be included among the Pre-Raphaelites, although the influences to be discerned in his work are many, is Walter Crane. Born in Liverpool in 1835, his father was a miniature painter of ability, as

JONAH

EUROPA

well as a practitioner in oils, and the son at a very tender age, evinced a strong artistic tendency. So early as the age of twelve, when Millais's *Sir Isumbras at the Ford* was hanging at the Royal Academy in the year 1857, the boy's sympathies were attracted by the colour, the poetry, and the style of this great work; and this accordance of feeling between Walter Crane and the Pre-Raphaelite painters has existed from that day to this, for it is only quite recently that he showed a work, *Summer*, depicting a charming maiden reclining among the ox-eye daisies in a hay-field, which is as thoroughly Pre-Raphaelite a piece of painting as can be desired. But although so early as 1862 he showed a picture at the Academy (an event only once repeated in Mr Crane's career, when in 1872 a picture of his was hung), for some years yet he was a student rather than a practising artist. Heatherley's in Newman Street, and the studio of W. S. Linton, the wood engraver (to whom he was apprenticed), were his chief schools; and from this basis, influenced now by Japanese art, now by Renaissance, now by the English Pre-Raphaelites, and now by the Greek marbles, he evolved that definite and individual style of his which is known far and wide. The decorative work he has done is enormous, and the mediums he has practised in are too many to enumerate; but through all the products of his intense activity runs the characteristic method, original, potent, artistic. But of his designs for pottery and fabrics, for books and metal works, it is impossible to speak here; and but briefly can allusion be made to the pictures that have come from his easel with unfailing regularity. *The Sirens*, which was shown at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1879, is a very typical piece of his work, in which the principal place in a very delicate colour scheme of pale orange and blue is, of course, given to the suave and graceful forms of the three malign sisters who, dancing

on the sea-shore, seek to lure the shipmates of Odysseus from their high-prowed bark to a cruel doom. Later, in 1882, *The Roll of Fate*, a subject from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, was shown, in which the artist depicts a winged messenger, who kneels at the feet of Fate, and strives in vain to make that "stern recorder" cease his writing on the scroll The flowing lines of the picture, the colour of marble steps, golden throne, pearly wings, and distant sea, and the rhythmical feeling pervading the whole composition combine to make a beautiful piece of decoration. Earlier than these were *Ormuzd and Ariman*, *The Red Cross Knight in Search of Una*, *Endymion*, *A Daughter of the Vine*, and others; while succeeding years brought *Diana and the Shepherd*, *The Bridge of Life* (a simple and telling allegory), *Pandora*, and *Freedom*; while of a still later date may be mentioned *Neptune's Horses*, *The Rainbow and the Wave*, that very noble composition, *The Chariots of the Hours*, and the delightful *Renascence of Venus*.

Every credit must be given to the artist for his enormous fecundity, and the industry which enables him to accomplish so much; but hasty production, and especially over-production (a fault that many think that Walter Crane must plead guilty to), have manifold disadvantages. Grace of composition, skilful disposition of forms, draperies, and accessories, and flowing beauty of line, are such constant elements in his work that we accept them as a matter of course, and are not always duly grateful; but hurry begets carelessness, it results in draughtmanship that is not always irreproachable, and colour that is not always happy; and though the artist has an uninterrupted flow of ideas, he cannot possibly carry them all to completion, however industrious he may be. The consequence is, that, although all painters may be said to repeat themselves more or less, in Walter Crane's case style is apt to

THE ROLL OF FATE

THE MOWER

degenerate into mannerism, the literary element is perhaps unduly obtruded, and the decorative charm which may well be an underlying constituent in all pictures, becomes the dominant element. These easel paintings, judged as such, are not altogether satisfying, though considered as decoration, they have very great beauty and charm. The artist himself does not draw "any hard and fast line between pictorial work and other work," and his practice is consistent with this attitude; but critics who do not care for allegory, who think that pictures should show relief and express atmospheric values, naturally say that compositions which lack these essentials, which depend upon their literary appeal and their pleasing arrangements of line, can only be considered as decorative and not as pictorial art. But even if, considered pictorially, the artist's work does not appeal to all, it cannot be denied that, decoratively, Walter Crane's achievement is very fine, spirited, imaginative, well-balanced, and thoroughly original.

One other artist who should be alluded to in this connection is William Bell Scott, inasmuch as his chief work consisted of more than one series of mural decorations; and he displays his powers more adequately in these than in some of the easel pictures he painted. He was born at Edinburgh in 1811, and died at Penkill in 1890, leaving a posthumously-published autobiography which aroused a considerable amount of feeling among his contemporaries. His brother was the erratic and original genius, David Scott, and from him and their father, a well-known engraver, his first artistic instruction was obtained. Later, the "Trustee's Academy" and the British Museum were the fields in which he worked, and from 1840 onwards we find him occasionally exhibiting at various London galleries. Of his oil paintings a typical example is *The Eve of the Deluge*, now in the National Gallery, in which

we see a princely personage, sitting on a terrace surrounded by his attendants, while tiger cubs gambol at his feet, and the empty goblet he holds, and the harp in the hands of a slave, denote the recent feast. On the balcony burns a jar of incense, and in the middle distance the family of Noah are entering the ark, while from the horizon rises a cloud, dark, and foreboding destruction.

But his most notable productions were the two series of mural paintings he executed, the one at Penkill Castle, illustrating *The King's Quhair*, and the other at Wallington, an old manor-house in Northumberland. Here, on the walls of a cortile, he painted a set of eight large compositions illustrative of scenes from Northumbrian history, two of the most striking being those which depict *King Egfrid offering the Bishopric of Hexham to St Cuthbert* and *The Death of Bede*. This last shows the death of the venerable monk as he finished the dictation of his translation of the Gospel of St John. Sorrow-stricken brethren support his frame; pigeons, types of dissolution, are flying through the open windows, and the gusty wind has just blown out the candle. It is a striking composition, the work of a man who was poet as well as painter, and who in his art was probably influenced (if his self-centred mind was influenced at all) by the painting of Ford Madox Brown, rather than by that of Dante Rossetti, who was his more intimate friend. With the cartoons and frescoes of the former artist his mural decorations certainly seem to show an affinity; and, while not always free from faults of drawing, his work is possessed of no mean power of vigorous presentment, and there are certain novelties of conception and a freedom from convention in his productions that are distinctly attractive.

THE EVE OF THE DELUGE

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
BOMBAY
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CHAPTER XII

# THE ROSSETTI TRADITION, I:

## EDWARD BURNE-JONES

THE two artists whose work has given rise to the popular use of the word Pre-Raphaelite, as against the legitimate use of the term, are undoubtedly Rossetti and Burne-Jones. The proper application of the word to express the aim of a group of artists who went straight to the fount of Nature for teaching and inspiration, rather than imbibing them from the polluted source of the convention of the schools, became perverted to express (and still does convey to the popular mind) the style of the two great poetic painters who respectively inaugurated and carried on a new and individual kind of art. This is accounted for by the fact that in the case of these two artists (maybe the most original spirits of all who were connected with the movement) the principles of Pre-Raphaelism were applied to a class of picture but little known previous to their time, pictures of pure romance, of wonderland. The public knew that the painters of these pictures, now mystical and wan, now opulently beautiful, but with the same exotic vein of poetry running through all, were classed as belonging to the Pre-Raphaelites, and so the adjective became almost synonymous with "Romantic," and still continues, for even to-day one may hear classed as "Pre-Raphaelite" pictures which bear no affinity to the work of the Brotherhood except in the chance choice of subjects from the realms of romance and fantasy.

For this reason it may be well to insist once more that Sir Edward Burne-Jones was a Pre-Raphaelite, not by reason of his choice of subjects from that world which is "out of space and out of time," but from the consistent adherence he gave to the principles of honesty and sincerity enunciated by the Brotherhood; disdaining alike the artifices of the schools and the trickeries of prevalent art, he sought to be himself, and to put into each canvas that left his easel the best that was in him. The career of this great painter was indeed a remarkable example of unperverted directness of aim, of consistently strenuous endeavour, and of successful achievement along the individual lines laid down by himself. Uninfluenced by contemporary art when once he set a goal before him, throughout a long artistic career he was true to his principles, and the consequence is that his life's work forms an accomplished and coherent whole, in which can be traced growth, development, and fruition.

He was born at Birmingham in 1833, and was of Welsh descent on his father's side. There are those who see in his works of mystery and romance the pictorial expression of the poetic soul of the Celtic race, and this may be so. He was the first member of his family to display any artistic inclination, and this artistic tendency does not appear to have been evident during his schooldays, or, indeed, until he met at Exeter College, Oxford, in 1852, a young Welshman named William Morris, who had come up to the University intending, as did Burne-Jones at that date, to enter the Church. The acquaintance which ensued grew rapidly, thanks to a deep sympathy in literary and artistic matters, and developed into a friendship of lifelong duration; and their smouldering aspirations needed but a spark to set them ablaze. This spark came from a sight of a woodcut of Dante Rossetti's and a water-colour drawing by the same artist, *Dante drawing the*

SIR E. BURNE-JONES, BART.

CLARA VON BORK

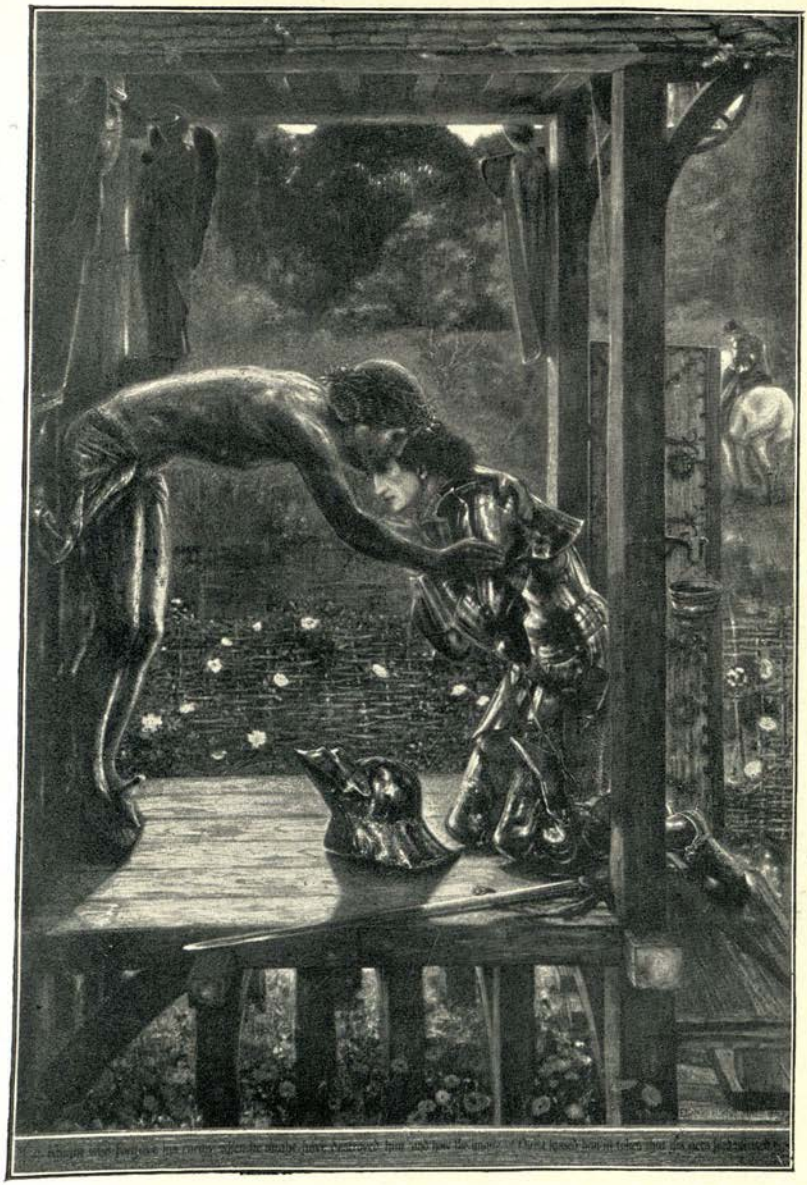
THE BACKGAMMON PLAYERS

*Face of Beatrice.* The poetic fancy and rich colouring of this charming little picture—then in the possession of Mr Combe of Oxford—appealed irresistibly to the admiration of both, and together they resolved to embark on an artistic career. To the answering chord in the heart of Burne-Jones that responded to the dream of Rossetti, the world was to owe in later years such pictures as *The Briar Rose* series, and *The Beguiling of Merlin.* It was in the year 1855 that the young undergraduate came up to London with the intention of seeking out the painter whose work he deemed so admirable; and Rossetti, when he saw the dainty imagination and the feeling for beauty in the drawings submitted to him, urged the untaught lad to drop all idea of taking his degree, and to devote himself entirely to art. This was done, and for some years there was constant intercourse between the two young men. Rossetti (who, it must be remembered, was only five years the senior of the other) was doubtless not the best leader to follow in the technical matters of art; and Burne-Jones, who was already twenty-three, had to set himself resolutely to work at the drudgery of the rudiments to make up for lost years. But, if the older artist was not at his best as a teacher of drawing, he was an ideal friend as regards inspiration; no one was more fitted to encourage and assist the development of the mystic and spiritual art which is inalienably associated with the name of Burne-Jones.

It is usual to say that the ascendancy of Rossetti is evident in the work of his pupil, and this is true in such pictures as *Sidonia von Bork*, and *Clara von Bork*, water-colour illustrations of Meinhold's romance, which might almost be taken for Rossetti's own work. But it would not be correct to conclude, from the similarity of choice of subject and poetic aspect which pervades the work of both artists, that the elder painter imposed his

personality on that of the younger; rather one must think of them as kindred souls who were fortunate enough to meet early in life; and to mutually inspire and influence each other. Another example of the period when Burne Jones based much work on that of his leader is the picture of *The Backgammon Players*, a knight and lady sitting with the board between them in a garden of flowers, fenced in with a trellis of roses. This little work is redolent of the art of Rossetti, but that this influence was neither paramount nor permanent is evident from an extremely beautiful and individual drawing completed in 1863 (the year after *The Backgammon Players*), and called *The Merciful Knight*. This charming and tender work illustrates the old Florentine legend of S. Giovanni Gualberto, the knight of old who rode out on Good Friday to avenge his brother's death, but spared his enemy and forgave him when he asked for mercy in the name of Christ who had died on the cross on that day. Later, as on the hill of San Miniato the merciful knight knelt before the wayside crucifix, the carven effigy of the Saviour bent to kiss him, and the miracle moved him to abandon the profession of arms for a holy life.

A long series of works in oils, tempera, water-colour, and other mediums came from this artist's studio during the course of the succeeding years; and a multitude of wonderful and beautiful studies in all mediums, and scores of cartoons for stained glass, mosaic, and tapestry, attest his unceasing industry. Allusion can only be made to the titles of a few pictures which are typical in one way or another; those who have seen them will need no description to recall such works as *Green Summer*, *The Wine of Circe*, *Le Chant d'Amour*, *The Annunciation* (this theme was more than once chosen, the interpretations being quite different), *Love among the Ruins*, *The Mill*, *The Wheel of Fortune*, the *Pygmalion* series, *Cupid and*



THE MERCIFUL KNIGHT

*Psyche, Pan and Psyche, The Days of Creation, The Beguiling of Merlin, The Feast of Peleus, The Mirror of Venus, Laus Veneris, The Golden Stairs, Dies Domini, King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, Perseus and the Graiæ*, and *The Depths of the Sea.* The contrast between the rich play of colour, as of a casket of jewels, in such pictures as *Le Chant d'Amour*, and *Laus Veneris* (works of the artist's middle period), and the almost monochrome coloration of the large *Annunciation*, and *Perseus and the Graiæ* (which are of later date), is more than enough to amaze; and the artist's versatility in matters of technique is displayed in such work as the highly-wrought *Feast of Peleus* and the broadly-conceived *Love among the Ruins*, now, alas! no longer existing in the first and finer version.

It would be very difficult to single out as typical any example of the painter's work; it is, as a whole, so compact together by the ubiquitous evidence of his personal genius, and so varied in theme and method by the necessities of each individual conception. *Love among the Ruins* is one of the most beautiful creations that ever came even from the fecund brain of Burne-Jones; it shows lovers who have met among the ruins of an ancient city, grass-grown ruins with the wild briar trailing thorny stems over fallen column and sculptured frieze. The girl, clad in a robe of brilliant hue, clings to the neck of her lover; and her face, despite his protecting presence, bears the impress of the pity and fear excited in her mind by the surrounding evidence of "old unhappy far-off things, and battles long ago." The expression of the varying emotions in the lovers' faces, and the vague indication of the tragedy that culminated in the desolation of such a palatial city, haunt the memory of the beholder, long after the details of the picture may be forgotten. May there not have been, too, in the artist's mind, the secondary interpretation which may be read into the

work, the everlasting existence of love, its sweetness and sadness, though nations fall and the kingdoms of the earth pass away?

Equally characteristic of Burne-Jones's art is the sumptuous *Laus Veneris*, which depicts a royally beautiful woman, attired in marvellous flame-coloured robes, who reclines pale and weary in the ecstacy of her love-sickness in a chamber hung with tapestries wrought in green and blue and gold. Her hand-maidens, richly dight, stand and sing the praise of Venus, Queen of Love, from scrolls of music, to charm their mistress's dark mood away; while outside, five knights rein in their horses, regarding with eager eyes the wan queen, and listening to the damsels' song. Brilliant in colour as a mediæval illumination, ardent and intense in feeling, this picture is as decoratively beautiful as it is poetically conceived.

The technique of the painter has already been alluded to. He was a most delicate and careful draughtsman, revelling in the subtle curves of the human form, and the gentle flow of draperies; and though the construction of his pictures was rather a matter of the sway of lines, of the building up of a well-ordered decorative design, than of the inevitable and necessary form which the composition was bound to take, there are evidences in all parts of his work of an unrivalled wealth of invention supported by irreproachable drawing. A better instance of Burne-Jones's simpler compositions could not be named than *The Mill*, in which the figures of the dancing maidens, their rhythmic poise and sweep, their suave and stately movements, are very characteristic; while of the more complex schemes that he sometimes planned, a good example is *Cupid's Hunting Ground*. In much of his work the involution of the thought is often paralleled by the intricacy of the rendering; and the fertility of his invention

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID

SIR E. BURNE-JONES, BART.

THE MILL

showed itself not only in the richness of the conception, but in the lavishness of detail and symbol with which it was illustrated. Where he desired rich colour, the pigments are used to produce lovely patches of brilliance, which give rather the effect of a mosaic of tints, than a subtly ordered harmony pervading the whole scheme; where he worked in subdued shades the infinite variety and play that he attained is very remarkable. Dash and *bravura* of execution were, of course, far outside the limits he set himself; his pride was that every portion of his work bore evidence of loving care and patient labour, and the result is that his pictures are gems of beautiful craftsmanship, enshrining marvels of delicate inspiration.

Almost invariably the subjects of Burne-Jones's works were drawn from the regions of old romance, sweet legend, or poetic fable; magic and enchantment seem to fill the atmosphere of his pictures; love potions and spells are natural to this dim fairyland, far removed from the workaday world. His great decorative gift enabled him to express in beautiful compositions the vivid scenes his superb imagination conjured up, and whether the subject was drawn from classic legend or the realms of mediæval tradition, the field in which he conceived the incidents as occurring was one to which he alone had the key. All through his long career he was constant to one ideal, and that ideal he expressed perfectly. Weird, fanciful, mystical, splendid, and dainty as are his dreams, it is not to be wondered at that to many his sexless figures and wan faces seem morbid and unpleasing; but whether the atmosphere of a world of enchantment and wonders is necessarily poisonous because the fresh breeze of actuality does not blow across its meadows is open to doubt; and he would be a bold man who would affirm that the expression of a mind gifted beyond the normal must be unhealthy. Certainly, if it is the function of art to invent,

to create beautiful unknown things, Burne-Jones was a great artist, though what place he occupies in the hierarchy of art it would be difficult to say. His genius can be fairly compared only with that of one man, his master, Dante Rossetti, and in relation to the art of his leader, his own might almost be said to be "as is moonlight unto sunshine, as is water unto wine." Rossetti's temper was essentially vigorous, sensuous, and luxuriant, in the highest degree; Burne-Jones, always a dreamer and a mystic, was often ascetic; a fertile and delicate fancy in his case took the place of the opulent imagination of the senior artist. But it is not right to push too far a contrast between the two artists; they were not opposites, rather should they be considered as complementary one to the other.

The reputation of a great artist is not affected by the honours of which he was the recipient; and the medals, the university degrees, the cross of the Legion of Honour, the associateship of the Royal Academy (conferred in 1885, resigned in 1893), and finally the baronetcy that was bestowed upon him, do not affect the critical esteem of this or future generations; but it is pleasant to think that, though many fine artists go to their graves utterly unrecognised, the subject of this chapter reaped his full reward in his lifetime.

LOVE DISGUISED AS REASON

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

## CHAPTER XIII

# THE ROSSETTI TRADITION, II.:

SPENCER STANHOPE
FAIRFAX MURRAY
J. M. STRUDWICK
T. M. ROOKE
MARIE STILLMAN
EVELYN DE MORGAN

MORE or less contemporary with the two great pioneers, Rossetti and Burne-Jones, a group of artists have worked who derived their inspiration almost entirely from one or other of these painters. Though they may be legitimately spoken of as disciples, it must not be concluded that they are by any means servile followers of their leaders; each of them is too individual an artist to be a mere echo; although it is almost always the fate of a painter to be classed as an imitator, who finds that the method and style best adapted to the embodiment of his ideas have been used and developed by a predecessor.

The work of Spencer Stanhope, the friend and fellow-worker of both Rossetti and Burne-Jones, bears, as might be expected, distinct traces of this association; but the influence of Mr G. F. Watts, R. A., who also gave him instruction and guidance, is apparent as well. A preference for religious and allegorical, as well as romantic themes, is evident in his pictures, which have largely taken the form of panels for church decoration, executed

as accessories to the architectural work of Mr G. F. Bodley, A.R.A. Pre-Raphaelite from association, he is also Pre-Raphaelite in his adherence to primitive methods of work, for in the pictures which he has painted in tempera (in which style he has worked as freely as in oils or water-colours), he adopted the early Italian system of using the yolk of eggs as a medium, a method demanding extreme care and patience. *The Shulamite*, *Charon and Psyche*, *Eve*, *Patience on a Monument*, and *The Waters of Lethe* are among the most noteworthy of his pictures, and the latter may be taken as typical. The classic title was adopted (although the character of the picture is by no means classical), as most suitable for the allegory of humanity hurrying to cast off its burden and seek rest in the grave. The passage of the water symbolises death, the island is the grave, and the gardens in the distance depict the future state of happiness which comes as the reward of the pains suffered here. The pure and brilliant colouring of this refined and elaborate picture makes it noteworthy as a piece of decoration; but it is more than that, inasmuch as (in itself a vehicle of thought) it demands and rewards the thoughtful consideration of the spectator.

Of the work of Fairfax Murray, which may perhaps be said to be more directly inspired by Rossetti than that of most of his contemporaries, far too little has been seen of late years. *Madonna Laura*, *Pharamond and Azalais*, *The Wanderers*, *The Violin Players*, *A Pastoral*, and others, have hung in the Grosvenor Galleries in succeeding years; and the latter, dating from 1882, is a most charming piece of decoration, representing a group of noble men and women sitting in an Italian garden, listening to music discoursed by some of their number. This is in every way a beautiful work, the purity and depth of the exquisite colour, especially in the blue robes

THE WATERS OF LETHE

*By Permission of the Corporation of Manchester*

VENUS RISING FROM THE SEA

LOVE'S NOCTURNE

of some of the figures, is masterly; and the whole picture exhibits artistic powers of the very highest rank. The painter is by no means an imitator, but an artist of great original power; and since poetic inspiration and accomplished presentation, such as mark his work, can ill be spared, it is justly a matter of great regret to his sympathisers that artistic pursuits of another kind should have precluded Fairfax Murray from practising his craft to the full.

It is not to be wondered at that a man who has acted as assistant first to Spencer Stanhope and then to Burne-Jones should be saturated with the atmosphere that imbued those artists, especially when his mind is one which revels in quaint and beautiful decorative fancies, in sweet and poetic symbolism. The artistic career of J. M. Strudwick is a curious one. Born in 1849, his student days commenced with a course of South Kensington, and though the requirements of the department, and the mould into which budding artists must perforce be pressed, were far from congenial, he stayed his time, and then passed into the Academy Schools. Here all his endeavours after rewards and distinctions were quite unsuccessful, and the only encouragement he received was from the late John Pettie, R.A., which resulted in an entirely futile endeavour to acquire the bold colour and free brushwork that marked the work of the Scotch painter. That such an attempt should have been made seems ludicrous, when one stops to consider what the characteristics of Strudwick's own mature style are. His student days may be said to have been a failure; but success came when he found his master in the person of Edward Burne-Jones. This short pupilage showed him the direction in which his power could best be exercised, and from the day when he thus found his *métier* he has never looked back.

His pictures speak for themselves, and it is easy to see that with Strudwick, as with Rossetti, the endeavour to embody beautifully a beautiful conception stands first and foremost. Inspired, now to pay a painter's homage to music, now to depict some poetic theme from the regions of romance, he has painted such pictures as *St Cecilia*, *Golden Strings*, and *Elaine*; and in every case he has adorned his pictures with such wealth of charming detail, such glow of colour, and such delicacy of handling, that they haunt the memory even as other sweet visions do. *The Ramparts of God's House* may be taken as an example of his more elaborate compositions. In this "a man stands on the threshold of heaven, with his earthly shackles newly broken, lying where they have just dropped, at his feet. The subject of the picture is not the incident of the man's arrival, but the emotion with which he finds himself in that place, and with which he is welcomed by the angels. The foremost of the two stepping out from the gate to meet him is indeed angelic in her ineffable tenderness and loveliness; the expression of this group, heightened by its relation to the man, is so vivid, so intense, so beautiful, that one wonders how this sordid nineteenth century of ours could have such dreams, and realise them in its art. Transcendent expressiveness is the moving quality in all Strudwick's works; and persons who are fully sensitive to it will take almost as a matter of course the charm of the architecture, the bits of landscape, the elaborately beautiful foliage, the ornamental accessories of all sorts, which would distinguish them even in a gallery of early Italian paintings."

It will be evident from the above quotation from Mr Bernard Shaw that, Pre-Raphaelite in his desire "to paint the best possible pictures in the best possible way," he spares no labour of invention or of craftsmanship that may make his works as perfect as he desires. He would

*"The gentle music of a byegone day"*

THE RAMPARTS OF GOD'S HOUSE

ISABELLA

AHAB'S COVETING

almost seem to possess the soul of a mediæval illuminator working with the hands of a thoroughly accomplished artist of to-day. Whether the inspiration is religious or chivalric, there is an air of aloofness from mundane matters, of cloistered meditation, about all that he accomplishes that is not of this epoch—that carries the mind back to some artist-monk at work in the sequestered scriptorium; and even when a subject from classic myth, such as *Marsyas and Apollo*, attracts the artist, the rendering is such as one might expect from an Italian of the *quattro-cento*. Delicate, dainty, and fervent, obviously the creations of a poet, the pictures of Strudwick are distinguished by an execution as complete and detailed as the conception; and yet, despite all the charming elaboration that marks them, there is an air of simplicity pervading all his works that is as noteworthy as the passion for beauty that he everywhere evinces. Beautiful in conception, beautiful in colour, and charmingly decorative, these pictures are evidently the achievement of a man with a high and a very definite ideal. That ideal he expresses to perfection, and what more may be asked of an artist?

Another painter who at one time worked as an assistant to Burne-Jones is T. M. Rooke, who is perhaps best known by the fashion he adopted of painting several compositions depicting successive scenes of the same story, which were designed to be placed in one frame. *The Story of Ahab*, *The Story of Ruth*, and *The Nativity* were pictures of this class, and each was marked by a wealth of invention and a feeling for colour that was noteworthy. Such pictures as these, and the companion compositions of *Daphne* and *Clytie*, *Morning* and *Evening*, as well as *The Triumph of Saul and David*, *The Thistledown Gatherer*, and the later work, *The Man Born to be a King*, are typical of the artist's style. They

are full of convention and of personal idiosyncrasies, that can in no wise be deemed faults, and at the same time they are replete with thought and invention, and with grace of colour and of line. Hardly a great artist, Rooke is at any rate a sincere one, and all through his work it is apparent that the painter deems that every scrap of space in a picture is precious, and to be wrought as exquisitely as may be. These little canvases are as vivid as the pictures of Holman Hunt, though not so actual, by reason of the decorative sense present throughout; and they are the work of a very genuine artist, who is obviously possessed of the first artistic requisite, a keen sense of the beautiful.

The names of two ladies, who have also carried on the Rossetti-Burne-Jones tradition, must bring this chapter to a close, Mrs Stillman (Miss Marie Spartali) and Mrs de Morgan (Miss Evelyn Pickering). The former accomplished lady early fell under the personal influence of Rossetti, and it is not a matter for surprise that her work, such as the beautiful *Persefone Umbra*, or *Love's Messenger*, betrays his inspiration. In the case of Mrs de Morgan, the more elaborate compositions that she has painted show rather that Burne-Jones and Spencer Stanhope have been her models; and *Love's Parting*, *The Gray Sisters*, that fine work, *By the Waters of Babylon*, and *The Dawn*, are pictures from her easel, distinguished by rich and brilliant colouring, great decorative charm, and sincere poetic inspiration, qualities that mark this artist as not the least of the disciples who have worthily worked on the lines first attempted by Dante Rossetti.

EVELYN DE MORGAN

FLORA

*"Mercy and Trvth have met together,*
*Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other."*

*" Upon a day came sorrow unto me"*

MESSER ANSALDO SHOWING MADONNA DIANOVA HIS ENCHANTED GARDEN

CHAPTER XIV

## PRE-RAPHAELISM TO-DAY.

THE ripples of the agitation started by the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood are still sweeping on, and widening as they go. It may be that the main work that the initiators set themselves to do has been accomplished, and accordingly the movement is more diffuse and less marked than in its early and more vehement days; but the two phases, the genuine Pre-Raphaelite inspiration, and what has here been termed for convenience the Rossetti tradition, are still potently existent. The inception and rise of yet another branch of the art movement, of what may be termed the decorative school, can also undoubtedly be traced to the influence of the members of the Brotherhood and their associates. Such work as that of C. M. Gere, J. E. Southall, L. Fairfax Muckley, Arthur Gaskin, H. Payne, and the other artists of the Birmingham group, is evidently the outcome of Pre-Raphaelism; and equally the moving spirit of such decorative artists as Charles Ricketts, C. H. Shannon, J. D. Batten, Henry Holiday, Heywood Sumner, the brothers Rhead, and the various supporters of the Arts and Crafts Association, may be traced to the same source.

More frankly inspired by Rossetti and Burne-Jones are such pictures of individual merit and poetic charm as have been painted by Gerald Moira, *The King's Daughter*, and *Willow-wood*; Archie M'Gregor, *The Spirit of Life*, and *The Mirrors of Time*; Graham Robertson, *The Queen of*

*Samothrace*, and *My Lady Greensleeves*; Henry Ryland, *Summer Thoughts*, and others; Cayley Robinson, *The Beautiful Castle*, and *The Close of the Day*; Byam Shaw, *Whither*, *Love's Baubles*, and others. Curiously enough, Madox Brown, probably the most individual artist of the original group, has founded no school, but his pupil, Harold Rathbone, naturally shows his influence; and it has been said that the work of Edwin Abbey, R.A., is to some extent reminiscent of the achievement of the dead artist. Other painters that must also be classed as Pre-Raphaelite are, E. R. Frampton, H. J. Ford, and E. A. Fellowes Prynne; and such work of T. C. Gotch's as *The Child Enthroned*, *Alleluia*, and other pictures in a similar style, almost seem to fall into the same category.

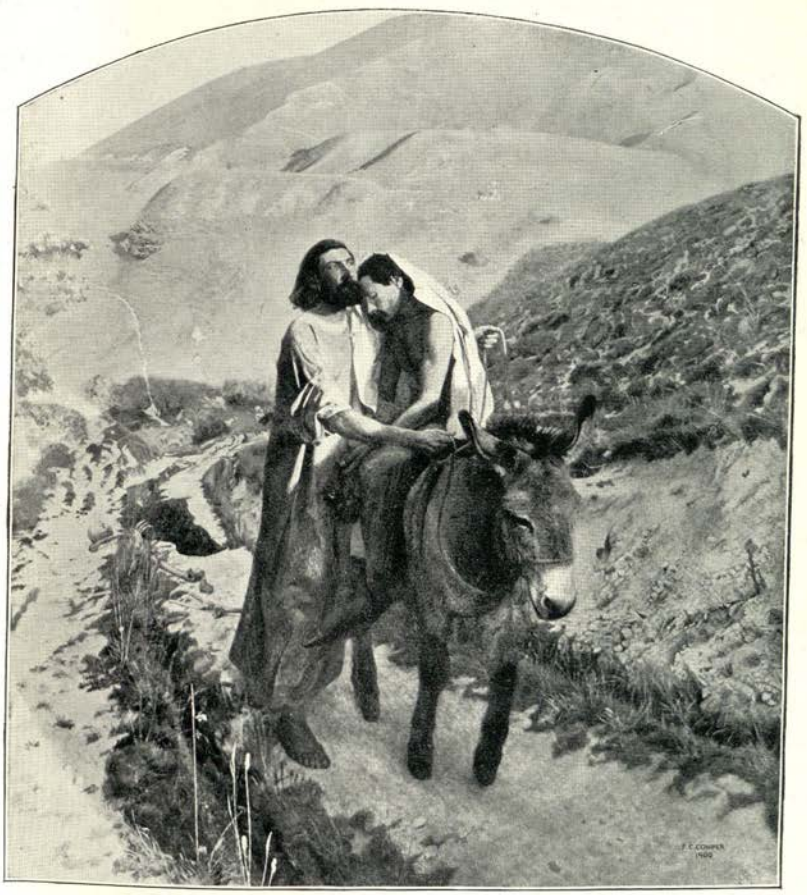
Noteworthy work is at present being done on the most rigid Pre-Raphaelite principles by Miss Eleanor Brickdale, who, in such pictures as *The Deceitfulness of Riches*, achieves a notable success in a most ambitious style. This painter should do much in the future to exemplify the still living force of Pre-Raphaelism as a school. Another lady, Miss Katherine Cameron, should also be mentioned in this connection; the purity and brilliance of her colour would almost seem to mark her out as artistically the descendant of Rossetti, while the delicacy of her fancy and the poetic quality of her inspiration are equally noteworthy. The influence of the Pre-Raphaelites is also surely to be seen in the pictures of J. Young Hunter, whose *My Lady's Garden* is not the least noteworthy of the recent purchases under the Chantrey Bequest, and whose later work shows no falling off from this achievement; while Wolfram Onslow Ford in the portrait of his father—and in other pictures—seems almost to have gone back to the primitives themselves for his inspiration. And even while this edition was passing through the press, the Royal Academy Exhibition exemplified once more the

THE DECEITFULNESS OF RICHES

*"And with his foot and with his wing feathers*
*He swept the spring that watered my heart's drouth.*
*Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair;*
*And as I stooped, her own lips rising there*
*Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth."*—ROSSETTI.

MY LADY GREENSLEEVES

F. C. COWPER



THE GOOD SAMARITAN

*"And he set him on his own beast and brought him to an inn . . ."*

HOPE COMFORTING LOVE IN BONDAGE

persistence of the Pre-Raphaelite tradition and influence in the work of Dennis Eden, Sidney H. Meteyard, and Campbell L. Smith. The work of these young artists is full of charm and has much individuality, both of outlook and presentment; of course it is impossible to say whether this present Pre-Raphaelism is but a phase or whether it is the promise of coutinued good work along these same lines. However this may be, it is pleasant to see that, not only did the work of the great men, painted fifty years ago, influence their contemporaries, but that it also has a distinct following of disciples to-day.

All these names are but a random selection; every visitor to the exhibitions of to-day will mentally add to this brief list; perhaps it will be better, instead of lengthening it, to devote the following paragraphs to a note on the work of two of these artists who may be taken as typical of the present development of Pre-Raphaelism—Cayley Robinson and Byam Shaw.

The artistic career of the latter, although as yet brief, is very interesting from the fact that his love of Rossetti's achievements, both poetic and artistic, seems to have carried him up the stream of that painter's style, to the earliest Pre-Raphaelite days. That is to say, that such work as *Circle-wise sit they*, *Silent Noon*, and *Rose Marie*, illustrations of Rossetti's poems, are also reminiscent of the poet-painter's later pictorial method; while the later brilliant *Love's Baubles*, and the still later *Boer War, 1900*, are much more searchingly and carefully painted—are, in fact, in the strictest sense Pre-Raphaelite. In all these works, and in the cabinet pictures he has recently devoted himself to, the artist shows an intense desire to express his theme clearly, with a distinct preference for subjects of a high poetic order; and he displays a technical accomplishment and a daring in the use of pure colour (in *Whither*, and *The Queen of Hearts*, for

instance), that are remarkable in the work of so young a painter. The reproductions of his work in this volume speak for themselves; his Academy picture of 1897 at present marks the highwater mark of his accomplishment. *Love's Baubles* represents a band of radiant maidens who pursue across a flower be-spangled lawn the winged figure of Love, striving to obtain from him the fruit he bears in a golden dish. The elastic movement of the laughing boy, winged and aureoled by butterflies, is admirably rendered; the painting of the whole is close and masterly, though in no way niggled, and reminiscent in its purity and brilliance of the work of Millais, when that artist painted *Mariana*, and *The Blind Girl*; and the symbolism is not so complex as to be cryptic. It is pleasant to see the artist's disposition to depict joyous circumstances, the gladness of youth, and the sweetness of smiling faces; to note his inclination to exalt our Lady of Happiness above our Lady of Pain (as has been well said); and to observe that there is a reaction against the sadness, not to say morbidity, that one has been apt to associate with much of the elder Pre-Raphaelite art. When the promise in a young artist's work is so great, one is justified in hoping—nay more, in expecting—that he may be able to attain in the future a very exalted position in the annals of English art.

Far other is the work of Cayley Robinson. Robustness of thought and execution, and a riot of colour are not for him, rather is he a dreamer of dreams, and a dweller in the twilit land of old romance. The atmosphere of mediævalism so apparent in *A Souvenir of a Past Age*, *The Beautiful Castle*, and *The Close of the Day*, would seem his native air, so well he imbues with it these pictures painted in an alien century. To an unusual extent his work is thoughtful and imaginative; highly original in his ideas, he has consistently worked along the

LOVE'S BAUBLES

*By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool*

THE BOER WAR, 1900

*"Last summer green things were greener,*
*brambles fewer, the blue sky bluer."*

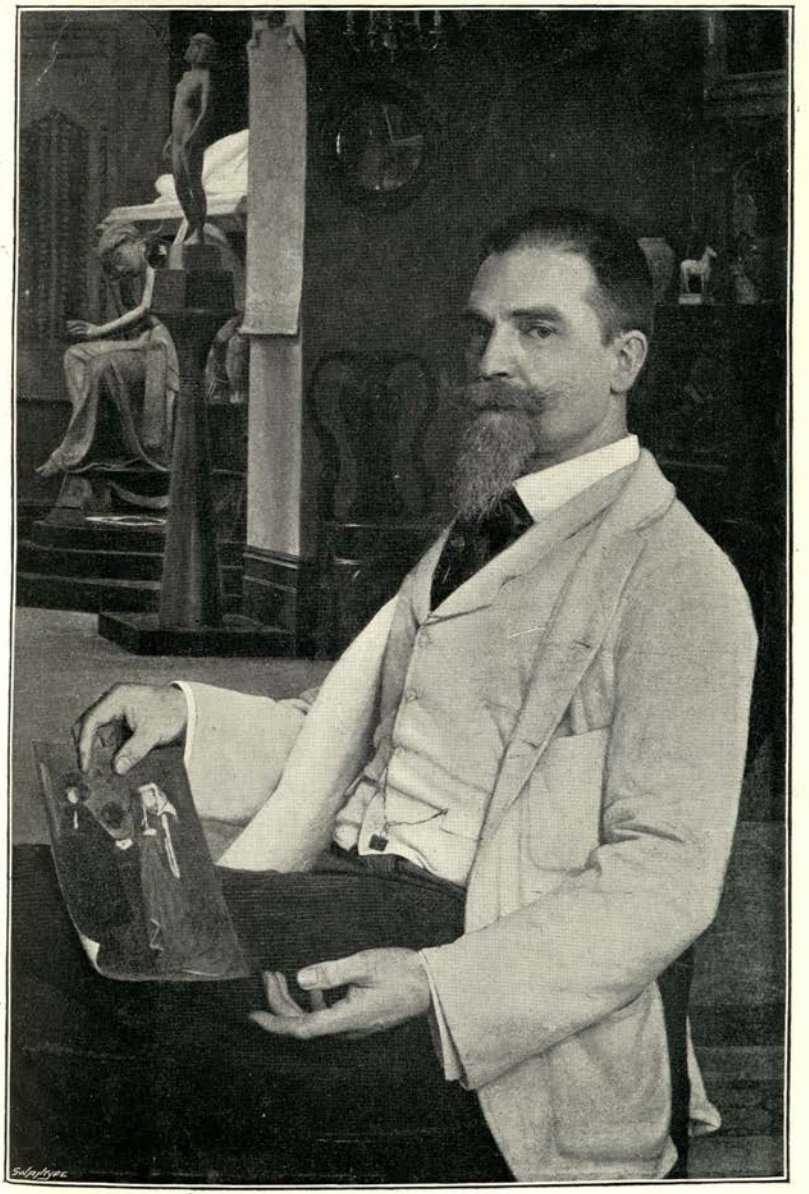
—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE BEAUTIFUL CASTLE

lines he decided were those he meant to follow; and into each of his pictures, full of delicate charm, the spectator will read just so much of poetry and romance as his own soul is gifted with. A curious formality which undoubtedly makes for decorative beauty is apparent in his art, and all his pictures bear evidence of ungrudging expenditure of thought and patient labour; features that his work has in common with that of Burne-Jones, from whom he has undoubtedly learnt much. But no one standing before one of Cayley Robinson's pictures would take it for the work of the elder artist; he has not only preserved his individuality, he has shown us that there are still unexhausted possibilities in art. Popular his work will never be, but those to whom it appeals recognise that it is the accomplishment of a painter of great power and marked charm, from whom still finer things may confidently be anticipated.

Whether any of the painters whose names are mentioned in this chapter are destined, in carrying on the work of Pre-Raphaelism, to produce work of the highest artistic rank, as was done in the last generation by the founders of the movement; or whether the splendour of the pictures painted in the past is to remain the unapproached high-water mark of the school, it were vain to speculate. That there are artists among the younger painters whose promise justifies us in hoping very great things of them is, one is glad to say, evident; and there is reason to trust that the coming men may do as fine work as their forerunners. The principles of Pre-Raphaelism remain as essentially true as when first promulgated, and work equally good ought to be the result of an honest acceptance of them; but perhaps it is too much to hope to find among their exponents such a galaxy of genius as the original founders and followers of the Brotherhood.

THE ANNUNCIATION



PORTRAIT OF E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

KATHARINE CAMERON

MHAIRI DHU

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